

# BOY

## COMICS

DEC.  
NO. 7

10  
CENTS

AMERICA'S  
BOYS  
IN ACTION

**CRIMEBUSTER**  
IN HIS GREATEST STORY YET!  
CHILLS, THRILLS,  
AND LAUGHS  
GALORE!

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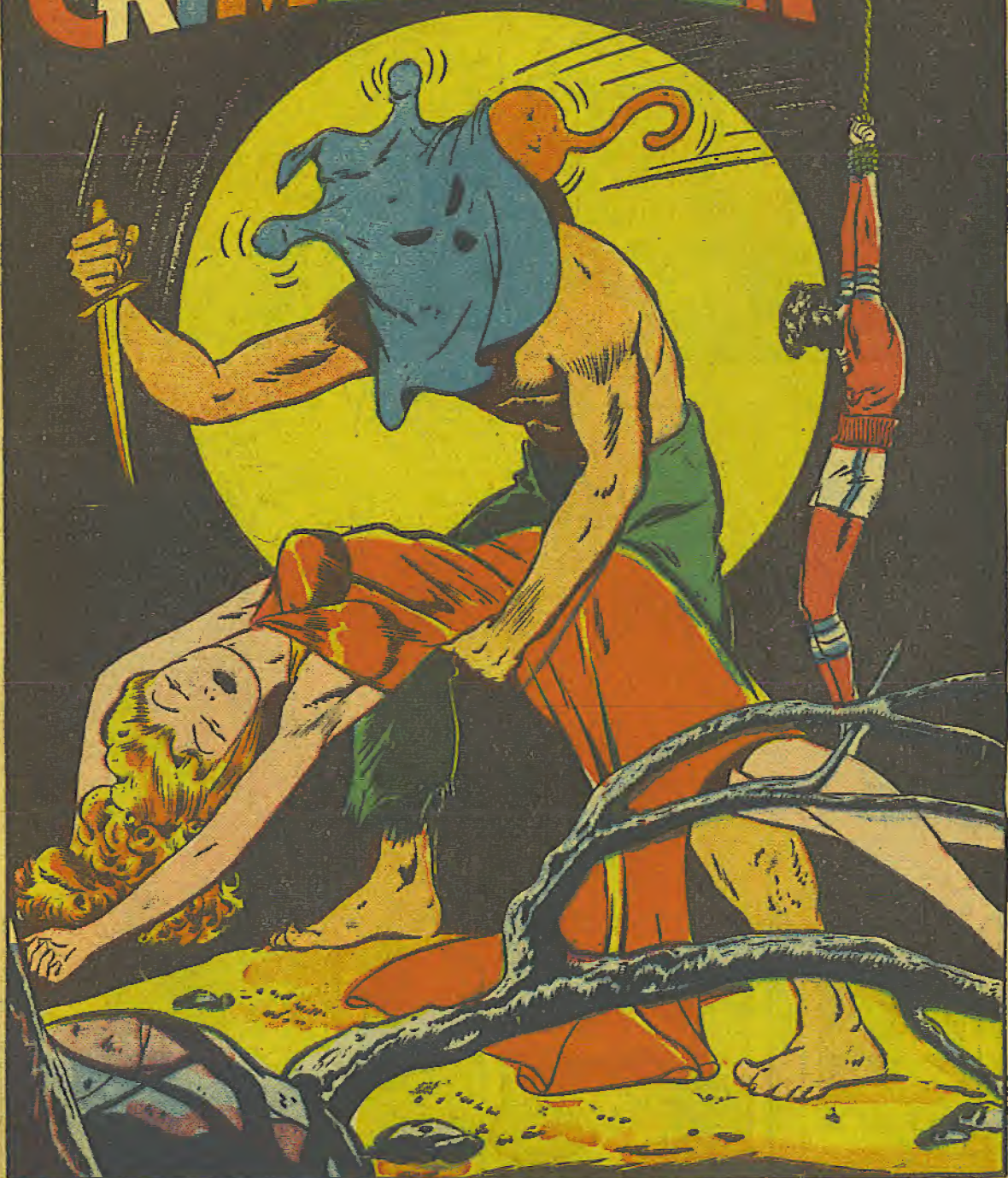


WEB COMIC  
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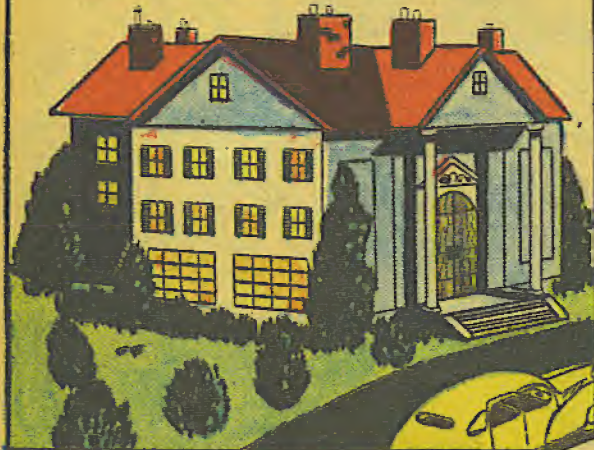
# CRIMEBUSTER



**WE** HAVE BUT ONE LIFE TO LIVE - IT'S THE MOST PRECIOUS POSSESSION, YET THERE ARE MEN WHO WOULD TRADE THEIR LIVES FOR A BAG OF GOLD. THIS STORY IS ABOUT SOME SUCH A MAN - HE WALKS, TALKS, AND LOOKS LIKE ONE, BUT HIS HEART AND SOUL ARE IN PAWN WITH THE DEVIL. THIS TALE MAY SHOCK YOU, BUT IT WAS MY INTENTION TO MAKE IT ROUGH AND TRUE TO LIFE. I THINK CRIMEBUSTER'S READERS LIKE IT ROUGH? **BRO**



IN THIS CASE THE BAG OF GOLD I HAVE MENTIONED IS THE WEALTH OF ONE ROGER SPAULDING, ONE OF THE RICHEST COAL MAGNATES IN THE COUNTRY--HE IS EIGHTY TWO AND HAS SPENT ALL OF THOSE YEARS ACCUMULATING HIS MIGHTY FORTUNE--WILL HE LEAVE IT TO A FLOCK OF UNGRATEFUL RELATIVES?



HUMPH! YOU'D THINK ANYONE LIVING AS LONG AS OLD MAN SPAULDING WOULDN'T MIND DYING!

HE WOULDN'T CARE IF HE COULD TAKE HIS MONEY WITH HIM--THE OLD TIGHTWAD!

I MIGHT SAY THE SAME TO YOU, GOLDIE--WHAT DO YOU EXPECT OUT OF IT?

YOU DON'T THINK HE'S GOING TO LEAVE YOU ANYTHING, DO YOU, CROIN?



OH BOY, WATCH LITTLE GOLDIE HERE SET 'EM BACK ON THEIR HEELS WITH A NEW MINK COAT!

IT'LL BE A RELIEF TO HAVE SOME MONEY OF MY OWN! WAS PRETTY FED UP HAVING TO BEG FROM THAT OLD GOAT!

SURE AS MY NAME IS BLACK, SPAULDING'S GONNA LEAVE EVERYTHING TO PETER, THAT SON OF HIS!

THAT HALF-WIT WOULDN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH MONEY! HE CHASES BUTTERFLIES ALL DAY!



POOR DAD! IF ONLY THERE WAS SOMETHING I COULD DO FOR HIM! THE DOCS WITH HIM NOW! HE'S THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN HELP HIM!

I WISH POP AN' I HAD BEEN CLOSER! HE NEVER SEEMED TO CARE MUCH ABOUT ME! SOMETIMES I THINK HE HATED ME! MAYBE IF MOTHER HAD LIVED THINGS WOULD HAVE BEEN DIFFERENT!



SO THE VULTURES ARE ALL DOWNSTAIRS WAITING FOR ME TO DIE! I'LL FIX THEM! HURRY WITH THOSE PAPERS, JOHN! I'M GOING TO CHANGE MY WILL!

YOU'VE GOT TO STOP EXCITING YOURSELF, SPAULDING, OLD FELLOW! YOU NEED ALL THE STRENGTH YOU HAVE!



GET 'CRIME DOES NOT PAY'. SHOW IT TO DAD, HE'LL LOVE IT!



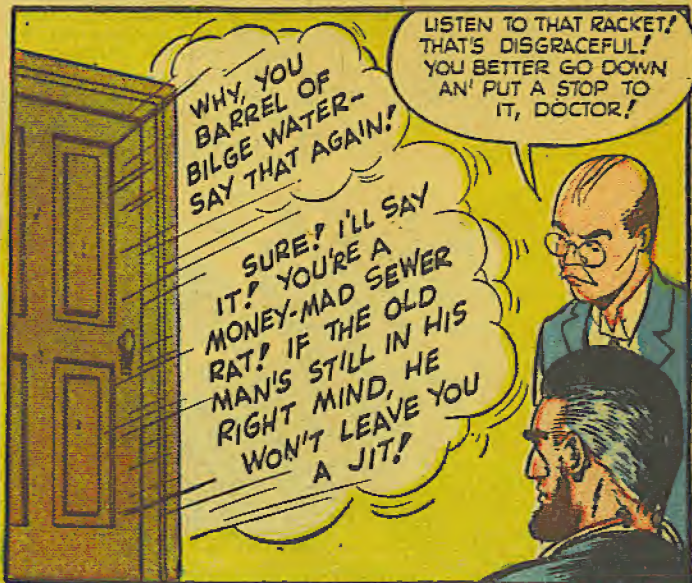
I'D LEAVE EVERYTHING TO MY SON PETER, IF HE WEREN'T AN IDIOT! HIS MOTHER DIED IN AN INSANE ASYLUM! AN' MY GOOD FRIEND DR. CARSON SAID THAT IT'S INEVITABLE THAT PETER WILL, TOO!



WHY, YOU BARREL OF BILGE WATER— SAY THAT AGAIN!

SURE! I'LL SAY IT! YOU'RE A MONEY-MAD SEWER RAT! IF THE OLD MAN'S STILL IN HIS RIGHT MIND, HE WON'T LEAVE YOU A JIT!

LISTEN TO THAT RACKET! THAT'S DISGRACEFUL! YOU BETTER GO DOWN AN' PUT A STOP TO IT, DOCTOR!



THERE'S A MAN DYING UP HERE! ONE MORE OUTBURST LIKE THAT, AN' YOU'LL ALL BE ORDERED OUT OF THIS HOUSE!

DR. CARSON, YOU'D BETTER COME QUICKLY!

YOUR PRAYERS HAVE BEEN ANSWERED! HE'S DEAD! WHY A FINE MAN LIKE SPAULDING EVER DESERVED RELATIVES LIKE YOU PEOPLE I'LL NEVER KNOW!

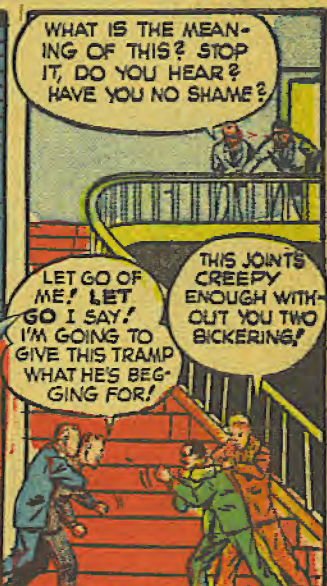
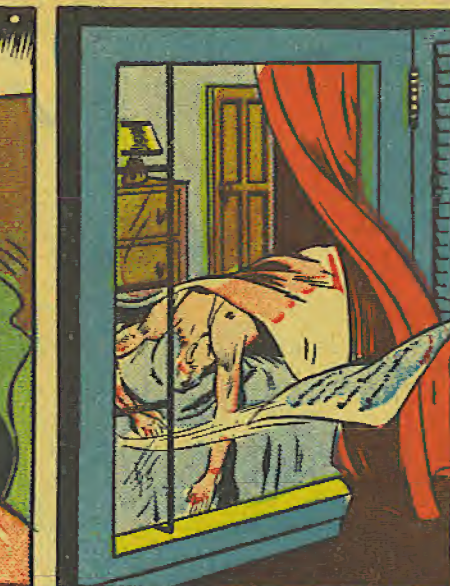
TSK, TSK, HOW TOUCHING! WHEN DO WE READ THE WILL?

YES, HOW ABOUT THAT? I WANT TO GET OUT OF THIS FIRE TRAP!

WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS? STOP IT, DO YOU HEAR? HAVE YOU NO SHAME?

LET GO OF ME! LET GO I SAY! I'M GOING TO GIVE THIS TRAMP WHAT HE'S BEGGING FOR!

THIS JOINT'S CREEPY ENOUGH WITHOUT YOU TWO BICKERING!



IF YOU LIKE OUR MAGAZINE, TELL YOUR FRIENDS!



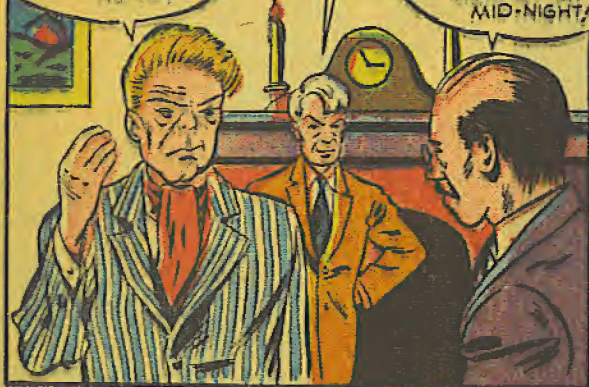
WELL, WHAT DO YOU KNOW? THE OLD BUZZARD FINALLY KICKED THE BUCKET! WHEN IS THE WILL GOING TO BE READ?

YEAH, HOW ABOUT THAT? I'M A BUSY MAN, I CAN'T HANG AROUND HERE FOREVER!

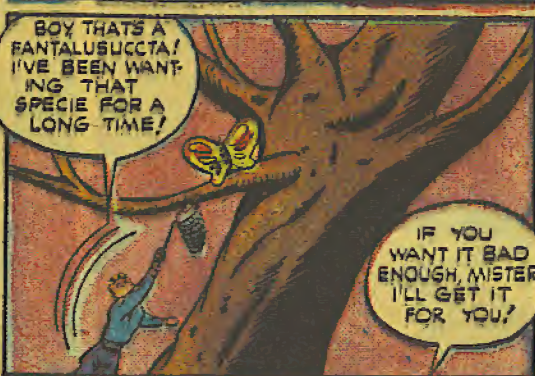
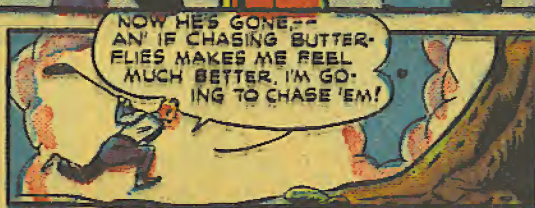
GENTLEMEN, IT WAS MR. SPAULDING'S WISH THAT THE WILL BE READ THE NIGHT OF HIS DEATH! WE WILL ALL MEET IN THE LIBRARY AT MID-NIGHT!

WELL, OF ALL THE LITTLE PETER'S FATHER JUST DIES, SO LITTLE PETER'S GONNA CHASE BUTTERFLIES!

OH, DON'T MIND HIM? I DOUBT VERY MUCH IF HE EVER KNEW HE HAD A FATHER!

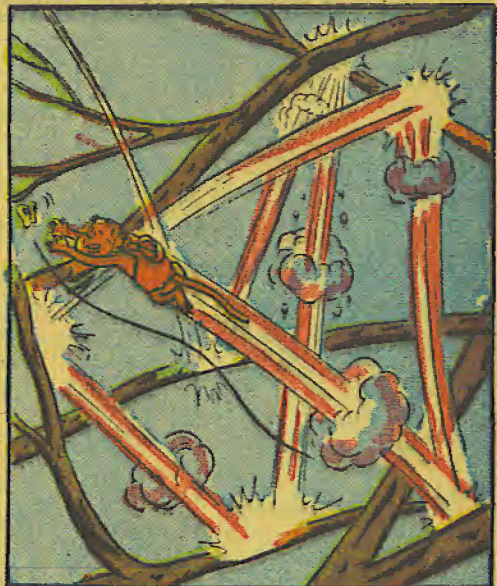
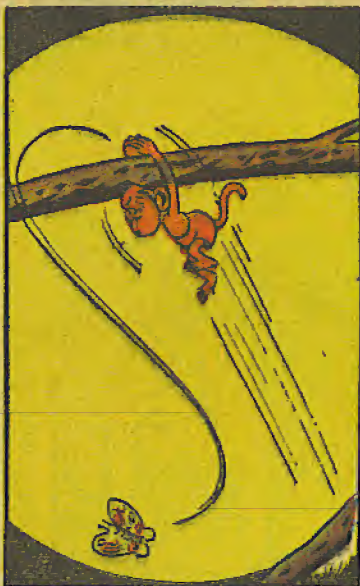
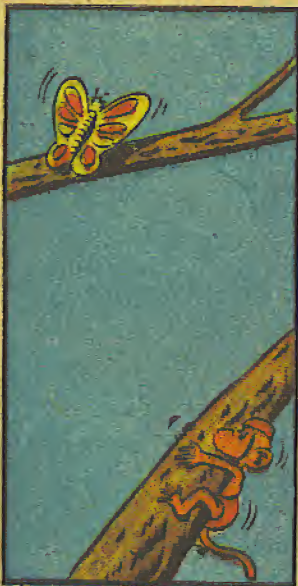


IT'S NONE OF THEIR BUSINESS HOW I FEEL! I LOVED MY DAD! HE WAS THE ONLY ONE I HAD IN THE WORLD!



HELP WIN THE WAR, BUY DEFENSE STAMPS NOW!





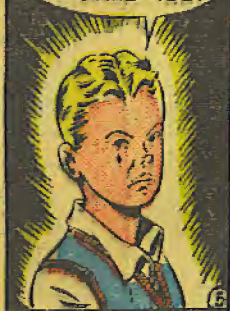
GEE, THAT MONKEY IS CUTE! I'D GIVE ANYTHING TO HAVE 'IM! I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU'D EVER SELL 'IM?

SQUEEKS? NOT FOR ALL THE TEA IN CHINA! PETER SPAULDING, DIDN'T I READ IN THE PAPER YOUR FATHER WAS DYING?

THAT'S RIGHT! ONLY FATHER DIED A FEW HOURS AGO! HE NEVER EVEN ASKED TO SEE ME BEFORE HE DIED- IT'S NOT NICE TO KNOW YOUR OWN FATHER NEVER LIKED YOU!

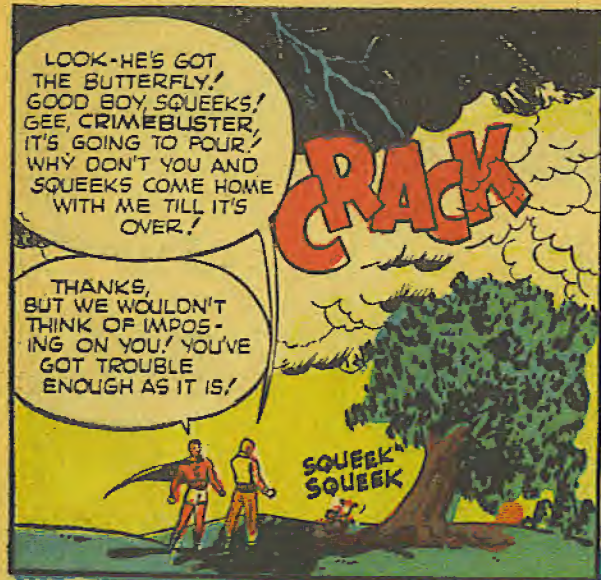
I ALWAYS LOVED HIM BUT HE NEVER GAVE ME A CHANCE TO TELL HIM! I SUPPOSE YOU'RE LIKE ALL THE REST? YOU THINK I'M CRAZY TOO CHASING BUTTERFLIES RIGHT AFTER HE DIED!

NO, I DON'T-WHEN MY FATHER DIED, I DIDN'T SIT STILL EITHER- I WENT CHASING AFTER RATS!



HAVE YOU READ THE LATEST BOY COMICS YET—GET IT TODAY!





LOOK-HE'S GOT THE BUTTERFLY! GOOD BOY, SQUEEKS! GEE, CRIMEBUSTER, IT'S GOING TO FOUR! WHY DON'T YOU AND SQUEEKS COME HOME WITH ME TILL IT'S OVER!

THANKS, BUT WE WOULDN'T THINK OF IMPOSING ON YOU! YOU'VE GOT TROUBLE ENOUGH AS IT IS!

SQUEEK SQUEEK



SQUEEK SQUEEK



PLEASE COME, CRIMEBUSTER-THOUGH THE HOUSE IS FULL OF RELATIVES, I'M REALLY ALONE AN' I KINDA LIKE TO HAVE SOMEONE WITH ME TONIGHT!

SINCE YOU PUT IT THAT WAY, PETER, OKAY!

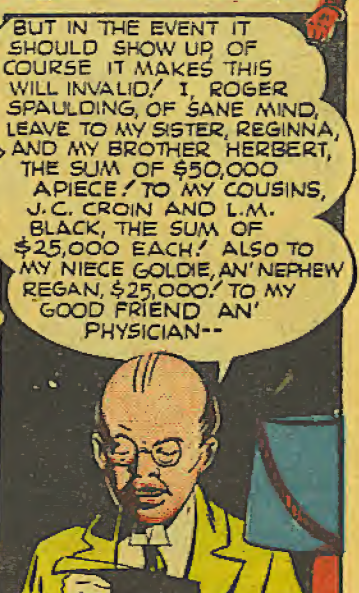


THE STORM RAGES-COMES MIDNIGHT, AND SPAULDING MANOR HUMS WITH EXCITEMENT--

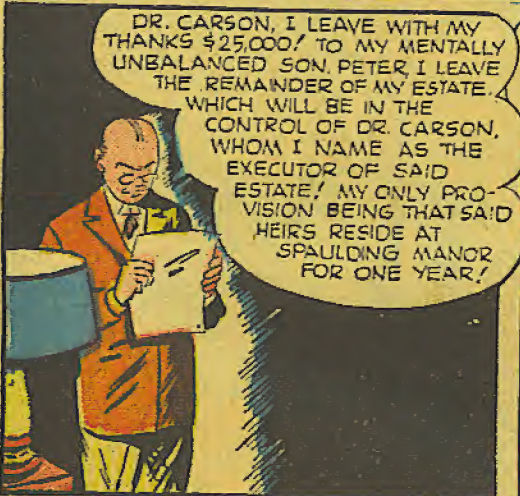


HOLD ON TO YOUR HATS-HERE WE GO, BOYS!

BEFORE WE START READING THIS WILL, I THINK YOU SHOULD KNOW THAT THE DECEASED MR. SPAULDING WAS WRITING A NEW WILL JUST BEFORE HE DIED! THAT WILL HAS DISAPPEARED! MR. SPAULDING MAY HAVE DESTROYED IT, OR IT MAY HAVE GOTTEN LOST!



BUT IN THE EVENT IT SHOULD SHOW UP OF COURSE IT MAKES THIS WILL INVALID! I, ROGER SPAULDING, OF SANE MIND, LEAVE TO MY SISTER, REGINNA, AND MY BROTHER HERBERT, THE SUM OF \$50,000 APIECE! TO MY COUSINS, J.C. CROIN AND L.M. BLACK, THE SUM OF \$25,000 EACH! ALSO TO MY NIECE GOLDIE, AN' NEPHEW REGAN, \$25,000! TO MY GOOD FRIEND AN' PHYSICIAN--



DR. CARSON, I LEAVE WITH MY THANKS \$25,000! TO MY MENTALLY UNBALANCED SON, PETER I LEAVE THE REMAINDER OF MY ESTATE. WHICH WILL BE IN THE CONTROL OF DR. CARSON, WHOM I NAME AS THE EXECUTOR OF SAID ESTATE! MY ONLY PROVISION BEING THAT SAID HEIRS RESIDE AT SPAULDING MANOR FOR ONE YEAR!



IN THE CASE OF AN HEIR'S DEATH, HIS OR HER INHERITANCE WILL BE EQUALLY DIVIDED AMONG THE REMAINING HEIRS! THAT IS ALL, EXCEPT THE CARRYING OUT OF THE WILL BECOMES EFFECTIVE TONIGHT!

HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT? LEAVING ME \$25,000 AFTER ALL I'VE DONE FOR HIM!

G'WAN! YOU'RE LUCKY TO GET ANYTHING!

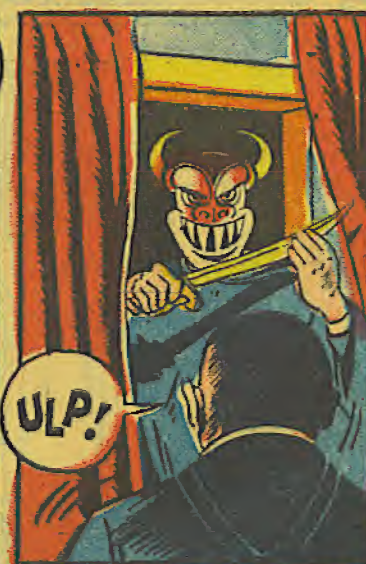
ME, HIS OWN BROTHER ONLY GETTING A PALTRY \$50,000!

STICK TO COMIC HOUSE MAGAZINES, THEY'RE WHAT YOU WANT!

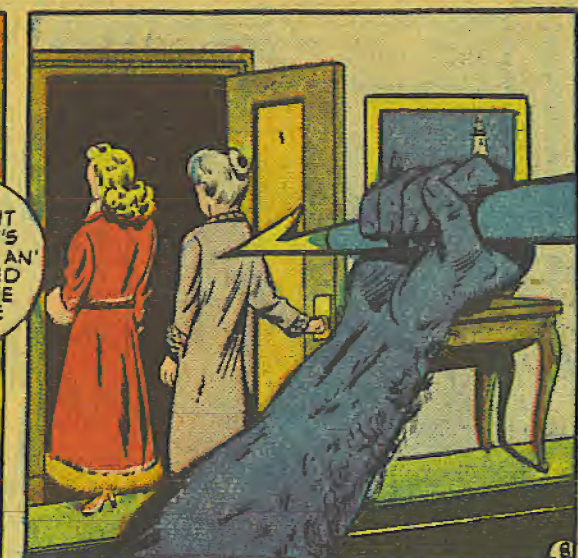
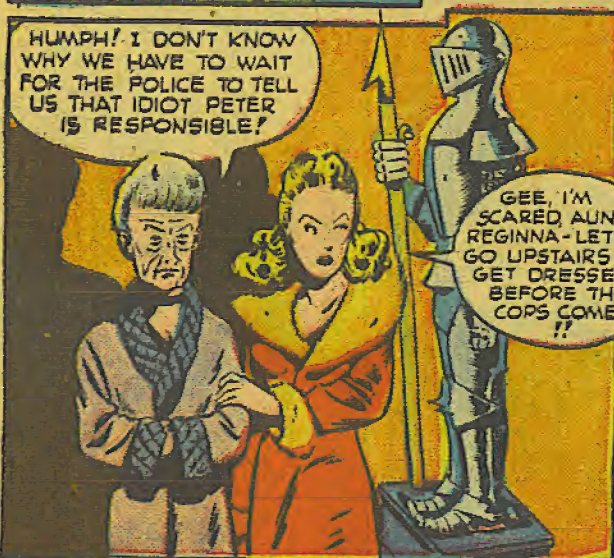




LIKE AN EVIL MONSTER, A GLOOMY SHADOW OF FEAR COMES OVER SPAULDING MANOR -- THE STORM NOW RAGES STRONGER THAN EVER -- THE WINDS HOWL AN EERIE SYMPHONY AND THE EAR-SPLITTING BURSTS OF THUNDER SEND GOOSE BUMPS DOWN THE SPINES OF THE HEIRS OF ROGER SPAULDING!







GET 'CRIME DOES NOT PAY'. SHOW IT TO DAD, HE'LL LOVE IT!





ARCHUGHEE

FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE  
HERBERT-SNAP OUT  
OF IT! WHAT  
HAPPENED?

OOOO!  
IF YOU CAN  
TAKE IT, IT'S  
IN THAT ROOM!  
SEE FOR  
YOURSELF!

OUGH--IT'S  
TOO HORRIBLE!  
DON'T LOOK,  
SQUEAKS!

THAT IS THE MOST  
ATROCIOUS MURDER  
I'VE EVER SEEN--WHO-  
EVER IS COMMITTING  
THESE ATROCITIES HAS  
ONLY ONE MOTIVE AND  
THAT'S TO GET MORE  
OF THE INHERITANCE!

AND HE  
WON'T STOP  
UNTIL HE'S  
PUT US ALL  
OUT OF HIS  
WAY!

THE DOC AND  
REGAN SHOULD  
HAVE GOTTEN  
THE CALL THRU  
TO THE POLICE  
BY NOW!

SOMEONE'S  
AT THE DOOR!  
MAYBE THAT'S  
THEM!

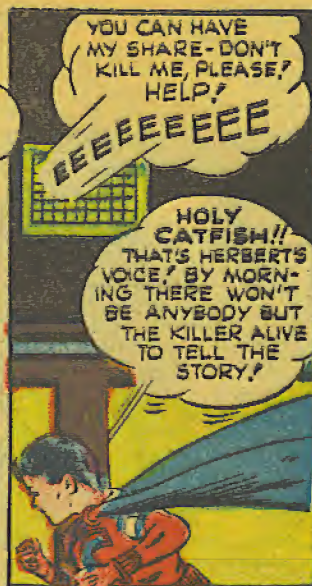
IT WAS AWFUL! WE  
GOT HALF WAY TO MY  
PLACE WHEN WE WERE  
ATTACKED! COULDN'T  
SEE WHO IT WAS--IT  
HAD ON A HORRIBLE  
MASK WITH  
HORNS!

HE'S FAINTED!  
QUICK, GIVE ME  
THOSE SMELLING  
SALTS! HE'S BEEN  
BADLY CUT UP!

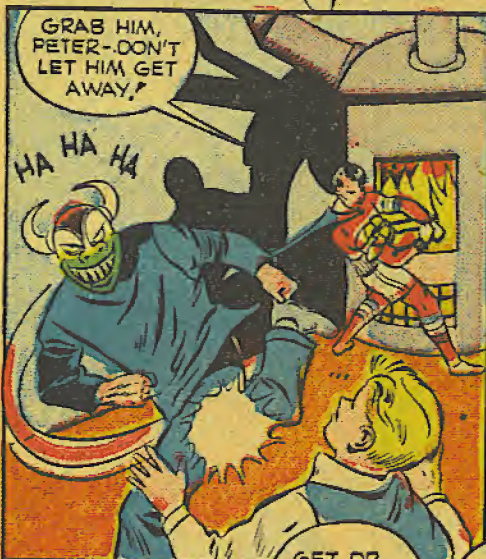
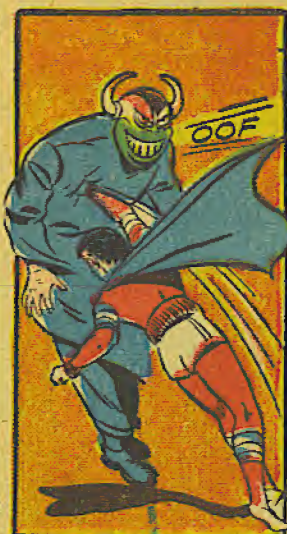
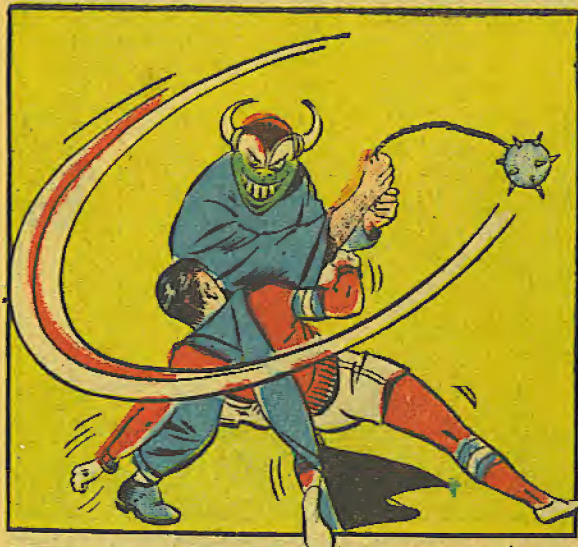
POOR REGAN  
IS DEAD! STABBED  
IN THE BACK! THAT  
FIEND THOUGHT HE  
GOT ME TOO--IF  
ONLY I COULD  
OF HELPED  
REGAN!

BE THANK-  
FUL YOU  
CAME  
BACK  
ALIVE!



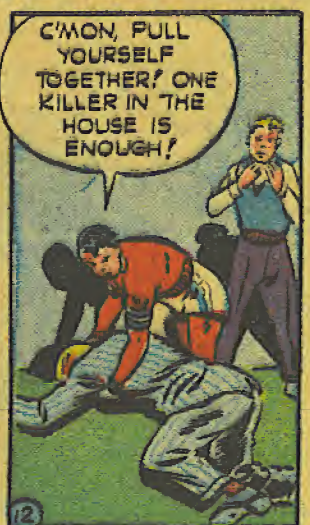
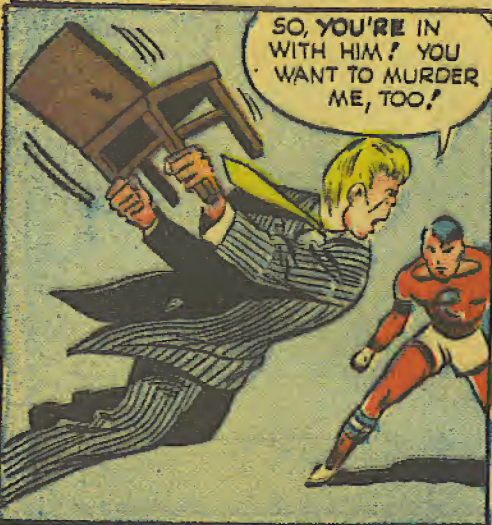






HELP COMBAT CROOKS, READ "CRIME DOES NOT PAY"







THERE'S YOUR KILLER-HE JUST TRIED TO KILL PETER SO HE'D BE THE ONLY RELATIVE LEFT!

WHAT GOES ON HERE? STOP HELPING THE MURDERER BY DOING HIS DIRTY WORK FOR HIM!

WHO ME? DON'T BE SILLY, DOC!

THERE'S ONLY ONE PERSON BESIDES PETE WHO KNOWS SPAULDING MANOR INSIDE AND OUT-AND THAT'S DR. CARSON! HE'S THE ONLY ONE WHO HAD A CHANCE TO KILL REGAN IN THE RAIN WITHOUT HIS WET CLOTHES GIVING HIM AWAY!



HE KILLED REGAN, CAME BACK-KILLED THE TWO LADIES, THEN WENT OUT AGAIN AND GAVE HIMSELF SOME NASTY CUTS TO THROW US OFF THE TRACK! IT'S CARSON, ALRIGHT, BUT I'LL HAVE TO MAKE HIM SHOW HIS HAND! I HAVE ONE WAY THAT MIGHT JUST WORK!



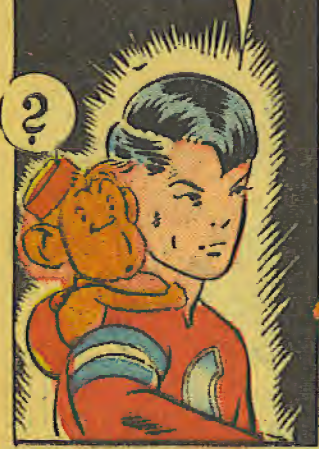
WE'RE ALL HERE LIKE YOU SAID, CRIMEBUSTER! WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT?



ONE OF US FOUR HERE IS THE KILLER, AND SQUEEKS KNOWS WHO IT IS! A MASK IS A GOOD ENOUGH DISGUISE FOR US, BUT IT'S NOT GOOD ENOUGH FOR AN ANIMAL!

YOU'RE RIGHT! WHY DIDN'T YOU THINK OF THAT BEFORE??

COME ON, SQUEEKS, SHOW US WHO THE MAN IN THE MASK IS! WHO IS HE, SQUEEKS? GO GET HIM!



WHO IS HE GOING TO WALK TO-NOT ME? I DIDN'T KILL ANY-ONE!



TH..THIS IS S..STUPID! LET'S N..NOT S..STAND FOR SUCH FOOL-ISHNESS G-GENTLEM---

I'M THE MAN IN THE MASK, ALRIGHT, BUT NONE OF YOU WILL LIVE TO TELL IT! I'LL BEGIN WITH CROIN!







HELP WIN THE WAR, BUY DEFENSE STAMPS NOW!

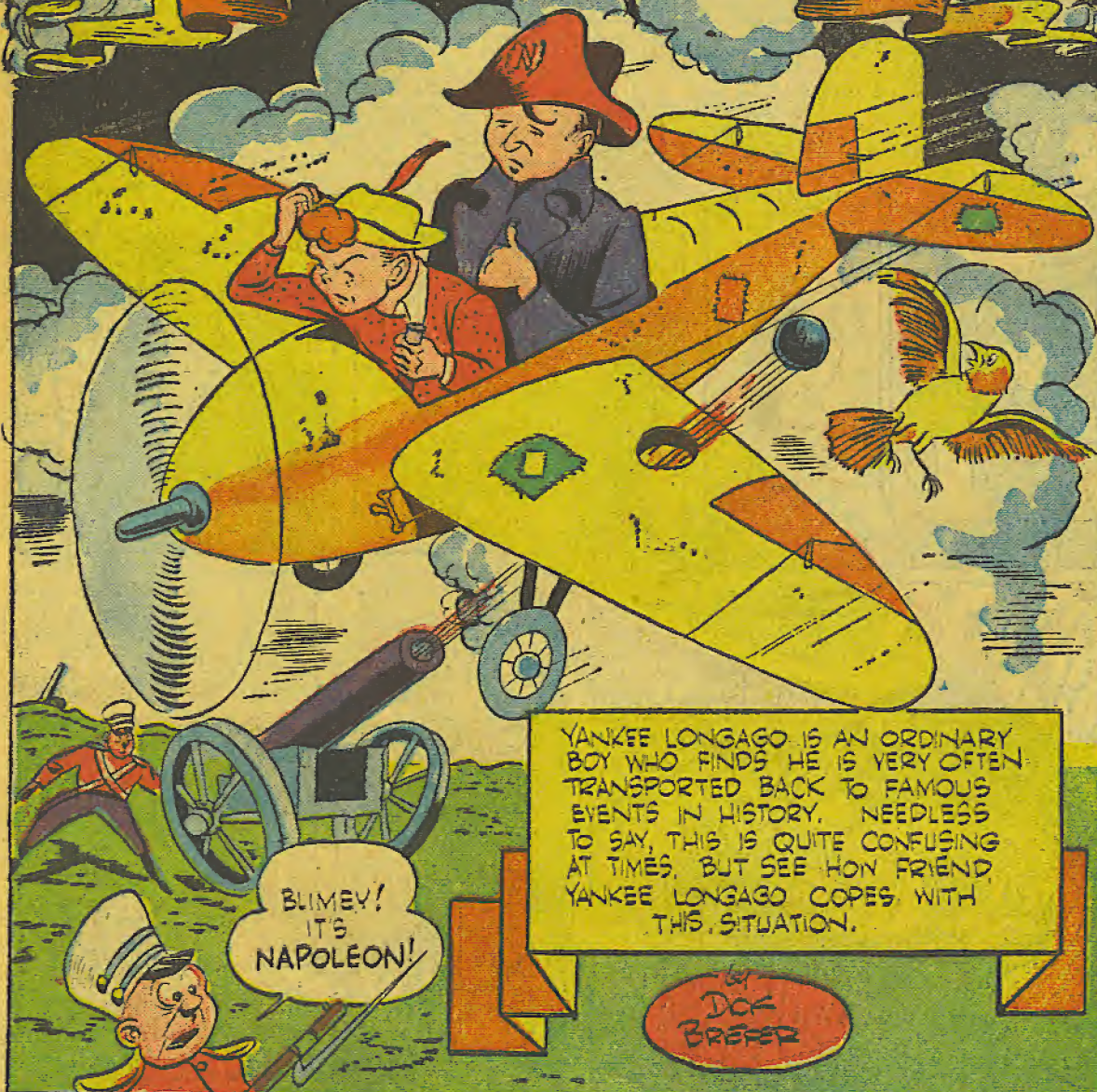






# YANKEE LONGAGO

The Boy of To-day in the  
Land of Yesterday

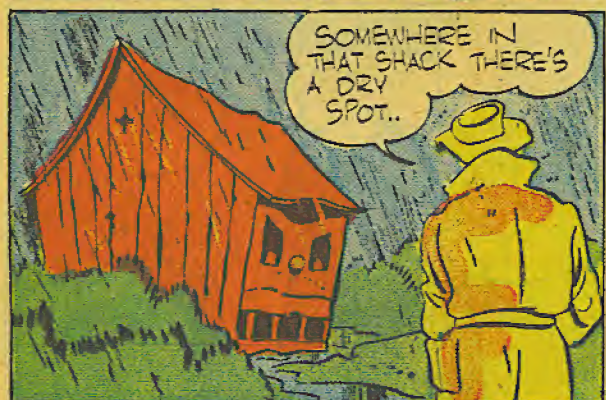
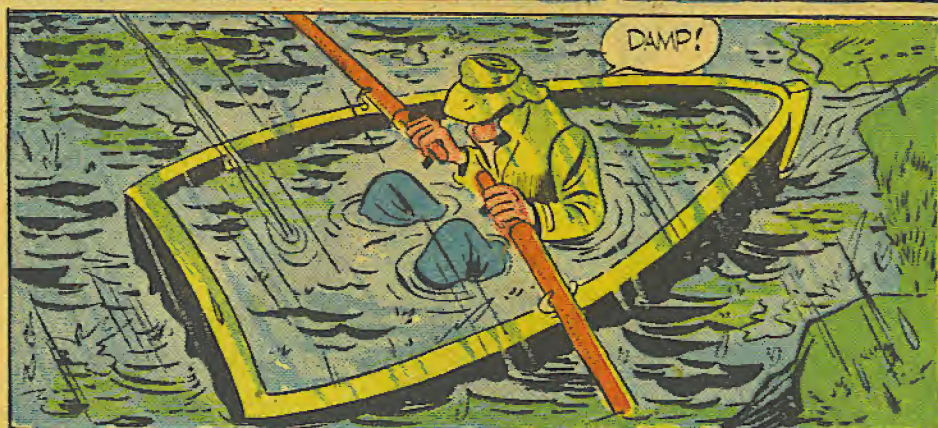
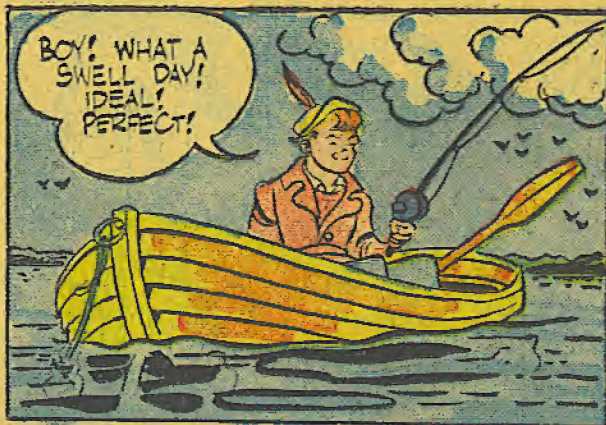


YANKEE LONGAGO IS AN ORDINARY BOY WHO FINDS HE IS VERY OFTEN TRANSPORTED BACK TO FAMOUS EVENTS IN HISTORY. NEEDLESS TO SAY, THIS IS QUITE CONFUSING AT TIMES, BUT SEE HOW FRIEND YANKEE LONGAGO COPEs WITH THIS SITUATION.

DICK  
BREFFER

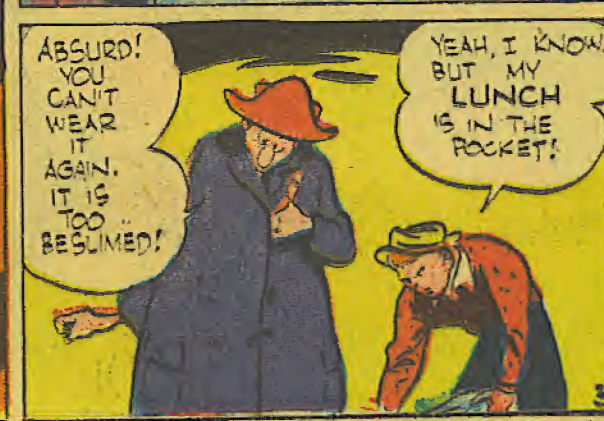
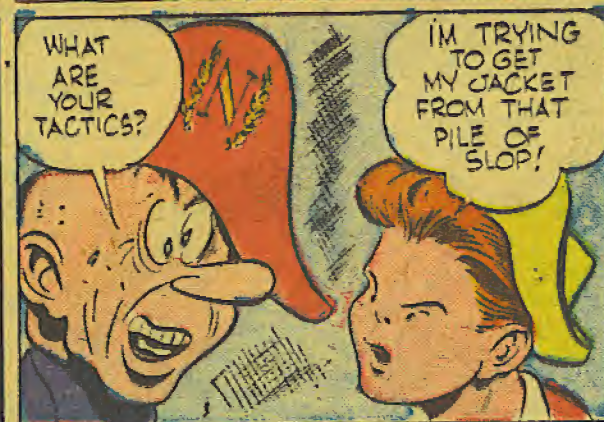
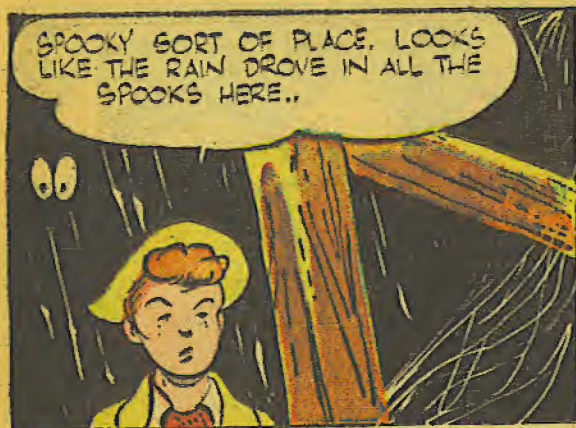
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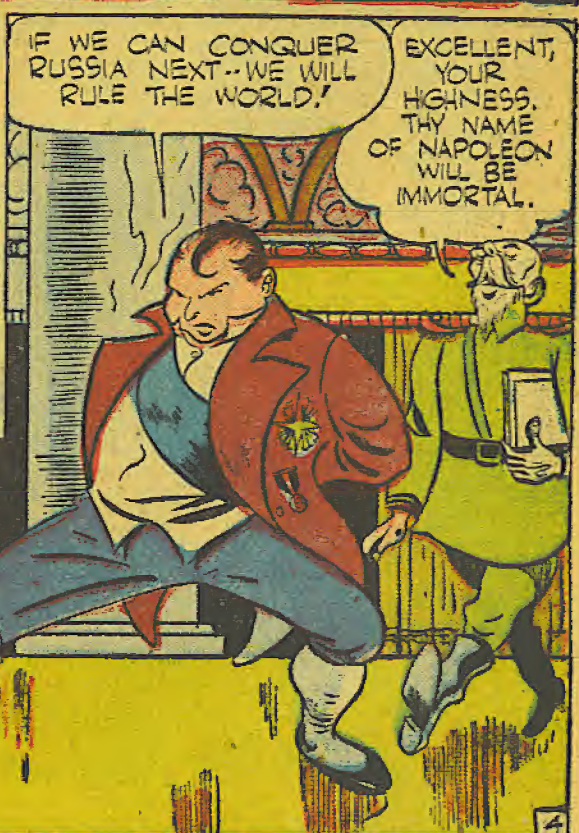
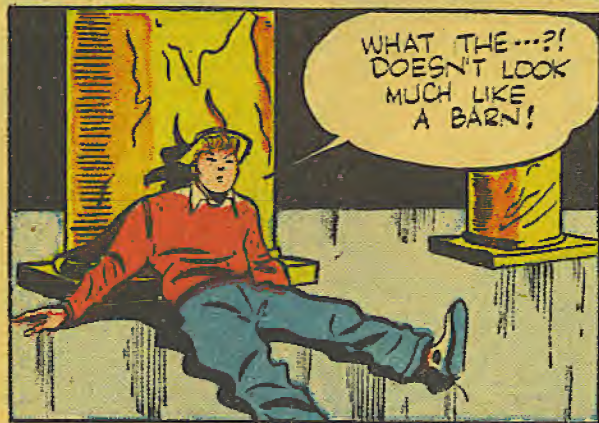
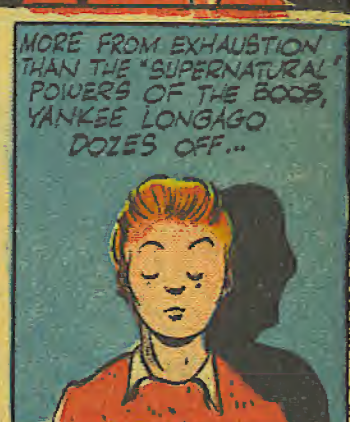
HELP WIN THE WAR, BUY DEFENSE STAMPS NOW!





GET "CRIME DOES NOT PAY", SHOW IT TO DAD, HE'LL LOVE IT!







YES CHARLEPOO, THAT IS MY  
NEXT MOVE. I'LL OVERTHROW  
RUSSIA ---JUST LIKE THAT!

EXCELLENT,  
YOUR  
EXCELLENCY,  
YOU EXCEL  
IN EXTRAORDINARY  
EXAMPLES OF  
EXTENSIVE  
STUFF.

ER -  
PARDON ME  
GENTS--  
I  
WOULDN'T  
DO THAT!

WHO ARE YOU  
TO SUGGEST  
STRATEGIC  
MOVEMENTS  
TO ME?

NEVER MIND WHO  
I AM OR WHERE  
I COME FROM,  
NAPOLEON JUST  
DON'T ATTACK RUSSIA!  
FACT IS, YOUR  
DAYS OF CONQUEST  
ARE ABOUT  
OVER!

BAH!  
I MEET  
NOTHING  
BUT  
SUCCESS!

YOUR HIGHNESS!  
WE HAVE JUST  
LOST 2000  
MEN IN THE  
ALPS!  
GEE!

WHAT!?  
SACRE NOM  
DE NOM DE  
NOM DE--

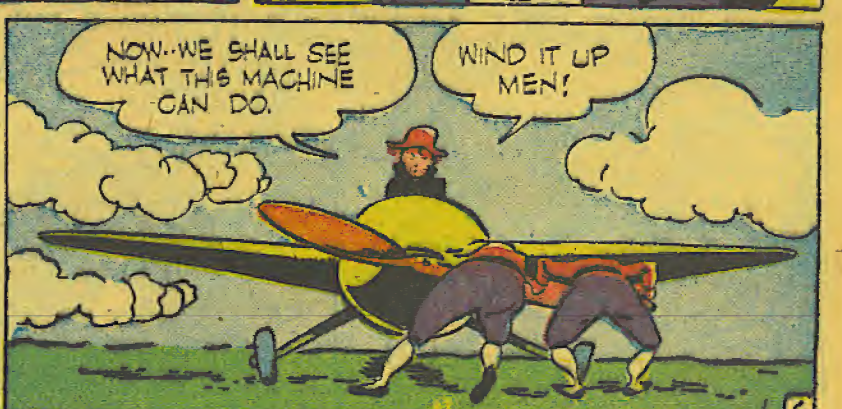
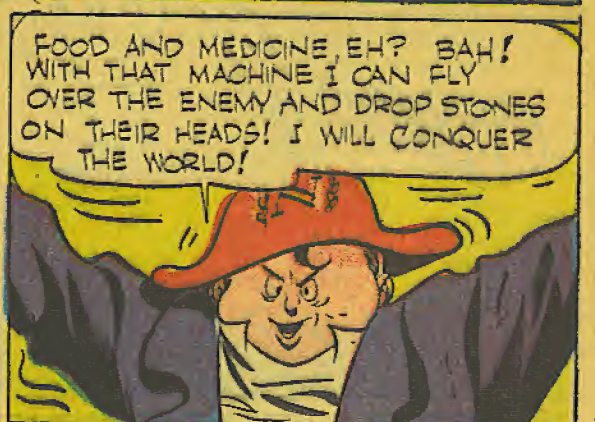
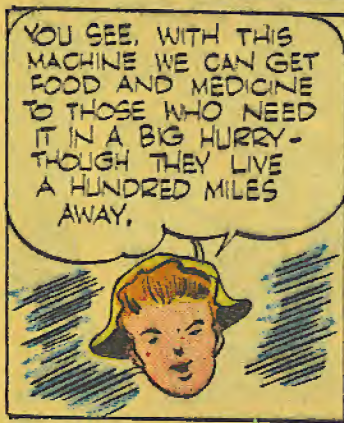
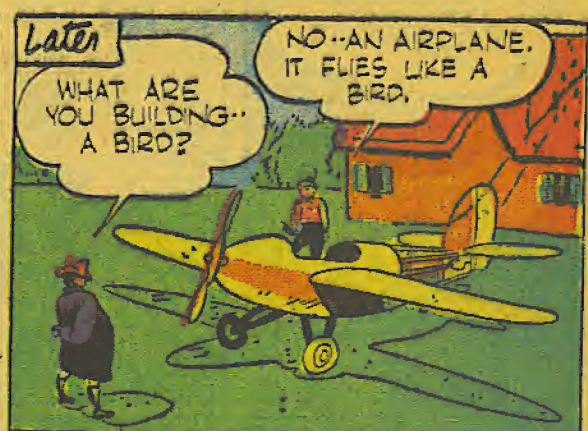
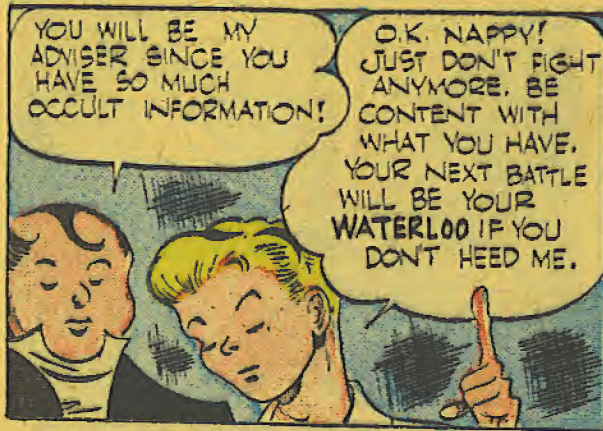
IT'S THIS  
LITTLE  
DEVIL'S  
FAULT!  
THROW HIM  
IN THE  
DUNGEONS!

WAIT UP! YOU WERE BOUND TO  
LOSE THOSE MEN BUT THE  
BATTLE ISN'T LOST. YOU'LL SEE!

YOUR HIGHNESS!  
OUR ARMY HAS  
BEEN VICTORIOUS!  
GOSH!

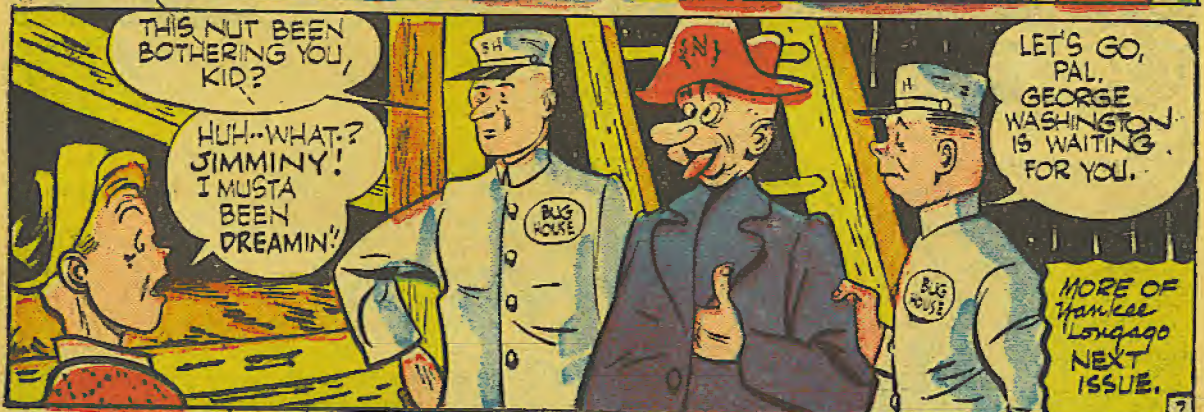
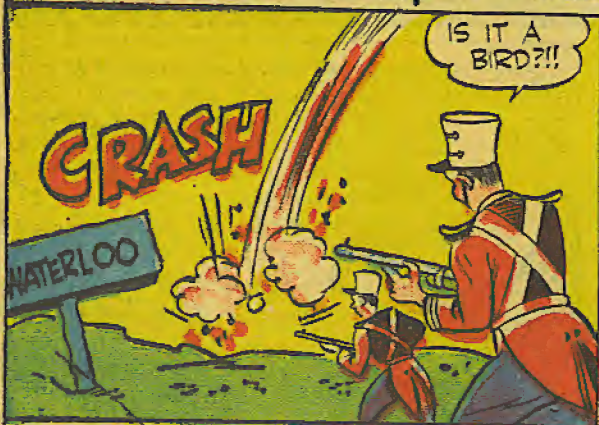
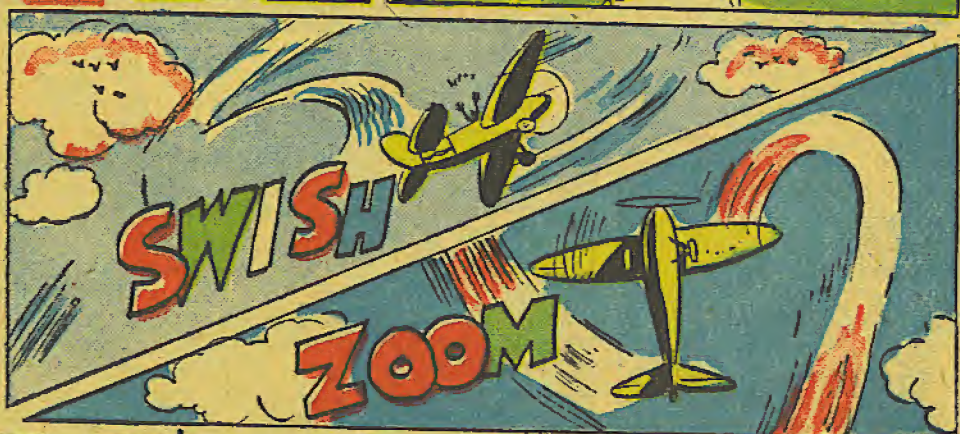
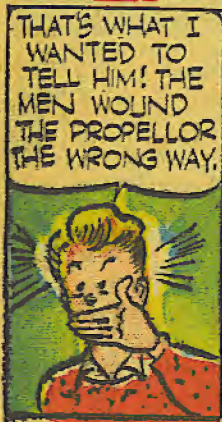
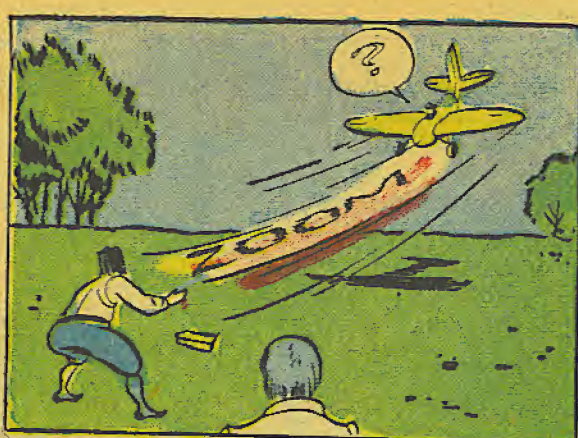
THE BOY  
IS A  
PROPHET!





IF YOU LIKE OUR MAGAZINE, TELL YOUR FRIENDS!





ALL THE THRILLS OF TEN MAGAZINES IN "CRIME DOES NOT PAY!"

MORE OF  
HAWKEE  
LONGAGO  
NEXT  
ISSUE.



# DAREDEVIL HELPS A PAL

by DICK WOOD

**Y**OUNG BILLY BRENNER TOSSED NERVOUSLY IN HIS SLEEP. For an hour he rolled about restlessly, then finally he shook himself awake and turned the light on by his bed. For a whole week now he had been like this. Ever since that odd Dr. Hartwell had come to live at his house. It was mighty strange that his father should suddenly run off on a business trip and leave him with almost a complete stranger. The doctor had said that his father's trip was so urgent that he hadn't time to even come and say goodbye. That was alright, but a whole week had passed now and Dr. Hartwell was such a stern, peculiar person he couldn't feel at ease around him. Also, other grim-faced men like Hartwell had been coming to the house and staying until all hours of the morning. His father certainly didn't know all those men, and the way they huddled over a table within the closed doors of the living room and talked all night made everything mighty sinister and mysterious.

Billy walked to the bedroom door and listened. He could hear them downstairs talking now. Low gruff voices, sometimes barely audible and then rising to high-pitched shouts of anger. Billy tiptoed down the stairs and made his way to the back of the house. In the dining room adjoining there was an opening in the wall used for a book-rack. He nestled up to this and listened. There seemed to be a lull in the conversation for a few moments, then he heard Dr. Hartwell speak.

"Alright then, it's settled . . . you'll take Brenner's railway blue prints and mine to New York terminal tomorrow night! I'll fly to Boston, and get the explosives to our agent there! We'll meet at the Concord Hotel the day after."

As Billy held his breath in surprise, another voice cut in.

"Yas, but vat about der kid?"

"The kid," Hartwell said, "Will be taken care of tonight—like his father was . . . There is no sense catering to him any longer!"

Hot fury had seized Billy Brenner now. He wanted to shout, break open the door and smash his fists against Hartwell's face until it was a bloody pulp. Past words of his father's rang in his ear . . . "ALWAYS REMEMBER, BILLY, WHATEVER HAPPENS, AMERICA IS THE FAIREST, MOST HONEST, AND BEST COUNTRY IN THE WORLD." Whatever happens! Of course he should

have realized. His father was of German descent and worked for the railroad. He must have known that Nazi spies would attempt to bribe him as a saboteur. He knew, and was afraid that they might get some information in spite of him . . . that's why he had quit his job there . . . and that was why Hartwell had . . . "taken care" of him!

Fighting the fury that swelled up inside of him, Billy made his way back to his bedroom and got dressed. There was only one thing to do now . . . call the police. They couldn't bring his father back, but at least Hartwell and his Nazi pals would get what was coming to them. Half way to the door he stopped. What if the police didn't believe him? He didn't have any evidence to back up his story, and spies like Hartwell were fiendishly clever about keeping any evidence hidden. The police might think he was just a kid with wild ideas and let Hartwell free to destroy anything he wanted. Billy frowned and sat down on the side of the bed. Then he saw something that sent an idea streaking through his mind like a lightning bolt. There on his desk a picture stared up at him. A picture of the greatest guy he could ever hope to meet. He picked up a Comic magazine and looked at the red and blue-covered face before him.

"Sure," he said softly, "sure, *Daredevil's* the guy I gotta see!"

An hour later an editor in the press room of the Daily "Star" looked up at the youthful face before him and smiled widely.

"So you want to see *Daredevil*, do you, son? Well, well, that's quite a request. What have you got, a couple of murders you want him to solve?"

"Never mind!" said Billy seriously, "I just wanta see him and it's mighty darn important for you and me and everybody that I do!"

A laughing secretary bent over from a nearby desk and spoke almost into Billy's face.

"You're cute," she said, "so I'm going to tell you where *Daredevil* is. He's selling defense bonds at Mrs. Lindquist's cocktail party. You probably can't get in to see him, but . . ." before the girl could finish, Billy was half way out the door. "Good luck," she called after him, "but remember, half the kids in the country would like to see *that* guy!"

Billy didn't go to Mrs. Lindquist's cocktail party on Fifth Avenue. Instead, he sought a telephone booth and hurriedly asked information for the num-



ber. When the cold voice of the butler answered, he raised his voice to a high tenor.

"This is the mayor's secretary speaking," he said. "Will you please call *Daredevil* to the phone, it's most urgent." When the strong voice of *Daredevil* came to him over the wire, he felt his knees buckle under him but he kept up the imitation.

"The mayor's apologies, *Daredevil*," he squealed, "but he would like to see you right away at his home. Something of the utmost importance has come up."

Ten minutes later Billy stood outside the mayor's home and waited in a cold sweat. The thrill of speaking to the great *Daredevil* had been enough to knock any guy for a loop, but now, any minute, he was going to see *Daredevil* walk right toward him. He felt his mouth go dry and wondered if he'd be able to explain things to America's ace Crime-cracker. And what if *Daredevil* was mad because he'd been tricked? He might even get back by smacking a lying little kid around with his boomerang. But no . . . *Daredevil* wouldn't do that!

The minutes passed and still no *Daredevil*. Billy started to walk around the house looking for another entrance. As he passed a clump of bushes, two strong arms suddenly shot out and snatched him off his feet like a toy doll. Down on his feet, he gulped for breath and looked up at a tall red and blue figure. A smile rippled across *Daredevil's* face. "Well," he said, "since when does the mayor employ fifteen-year-old youngsters for secretaries?"

Billy started to speak and choked. "I didn't mean to," he finally managed to stutter, b-but it's an awful emergency, honest!"

"I'm glad of that," said *Daredevil*, "I'm disappointed not catching some big-time criminal who was trying to trick me. Now sit down and tell me all about it."

Billy crossed his legs on the grass and looked up sheepishly . . . "Gosh, I shoulda known I couldn't fool you, *Daredevil*!"

A half hour later the Brenner doorbell rang and Dr. Hartwell leaped from a chair, startled. His friend, a dark swarthy man, also appeared frightened. "Don't forget, I warned you," he whispered. "It's probably the kid back with the cops."

"So what," said Hartwell, as he crossed the room and peered out the window. "They haven't got a thing on us . . . and anyway, it's just the kid all alone!"

Hartwell's face was vivid with rage as Billy entered. "What the devil do you mean running out like that without telling me? Now go upstairs and get your coat on, this man here is going to take us to see your father."

Meekly getting his coat, Billy followed the two men out of the house and into a large black touring car in the yard. As the car sped off down the road, a figure could be seen draped securely around the spare tire on the back. Several miles outside of the

city the machine pulled into a small dirt road and stopped. Billy was whirled from the rear seat and thrown onto soggy marshland. As he looked up, a wave of fear swept over him, in spite of the confidence he had in *Daredevil*. Hartwell held the deadly nose of a tommy-gun straight at his head and was speaking softly, fiercely, in a rush of words.

Whatever it was that Hartwell meant to say, the world will never know, for at this moment, a flashing form streaked through the air and with one powerful blow sent him spinning end over end in the air. Billy could hear the crack as his jawbone broke and wondered if the man would ever speak again. Too hypnotized to move, Billy sat there, witness to a battle that would be the envy of a million kids. Hartwell's pal had moved with amazing speed for his size. Huddled around the side of the car, his fist held an ugly-looking automatic that spat death over the ducking *Daredevil*. Flat on the ground, *Daredevil* moved with the grace of a panther. One graceful movement of his arm and his boomerang sped like an arrow toward the car and looped in at the hidden gunman. A howl of pain came from behind the car roof. Quickly *Daredevil* leaped to the top of the car. A squirming hulk of humanity was pulled down not ten feet from Billy. Both men lay quite still.

*Daredevil* moved across the ground and took a packet of papers from Hartwell's coat. He studied them for a moment under the car headlights, then rummaged around until he found some strong rope under the rear seat. When both men were securely bound, he turned to Billy.

"Well, son, what say we walk down the road, call the police and have a nice big soda for ourselves?"

At a near-by drug-store, Billy looked up at *Daredevil* with watery eyes.

"You know," he said, "You've been swell, *Daredevil*, I only wish Dad were alive to see what a great person you are."

A slight smile played across *Daredevil's* face and he drew a sheet of paper out of his pocket.

"I want to read you something, Billy. It might make you feel better."

*Daredevil* read the first part of the letter fast but when he came to the last sentence, his voice was emphatic. "And regarding Brenner," it read, "hold him there at Dawson's farm until I get in touch with you . . . signed—Dr. Hartwell." *Daredevil* looked straight at Billy.

"The letter hasn't been mailed yet," he said, "and I know where Dawson's farm is."

Billy leaped halfway out of his seat, a cry on his lips.

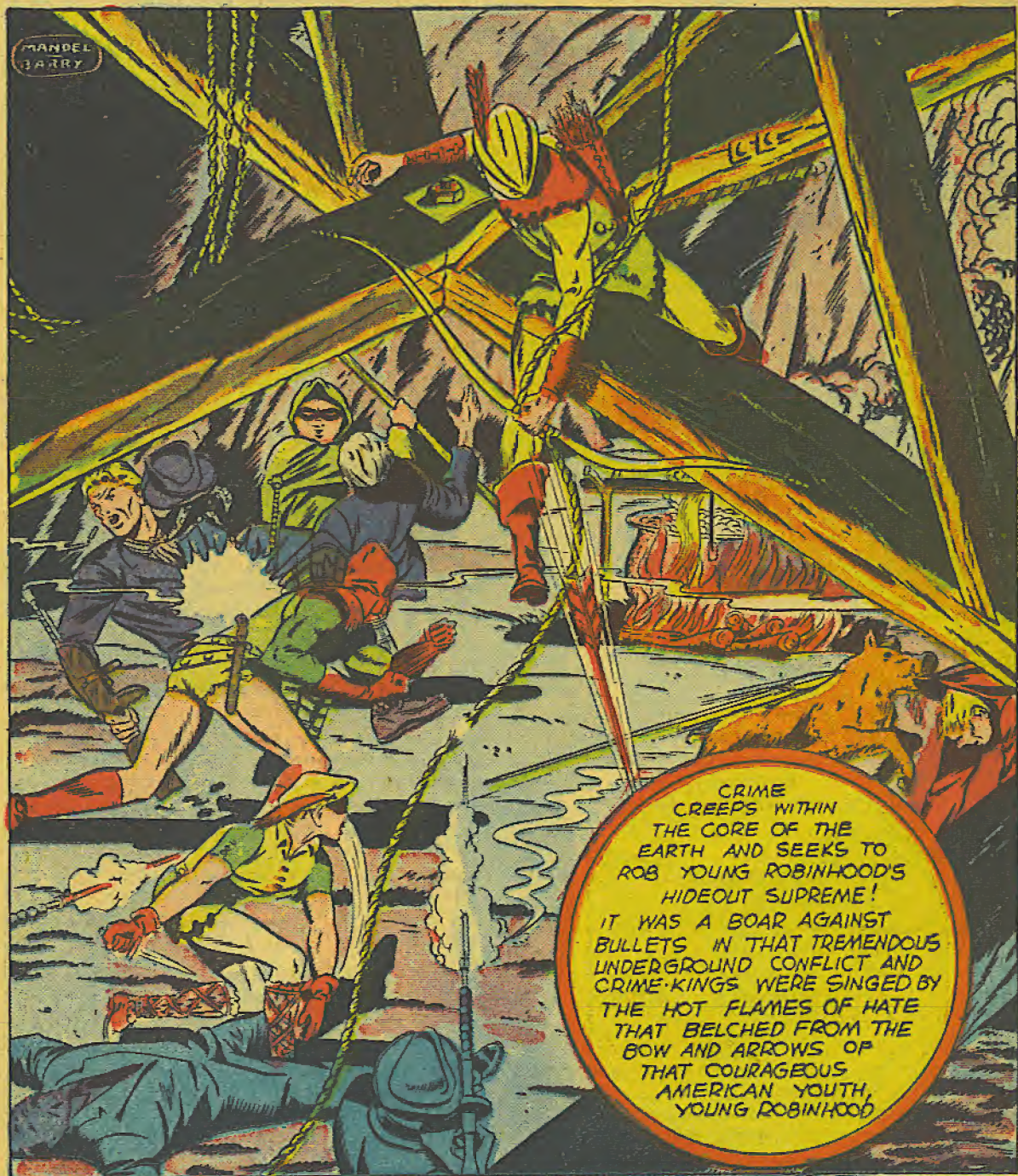
"Yippi! Boy, oh boy! Then Dad must be alive!"

When Billy walked out of the drug-store beside *Daredevil* that night there wasn't a tremor of fear in his body. He hadn't the slightest bit of doubt in his heart that his father would be alright. After all, hadn't he seen "the great guy" at work?



# Young Robin Hood

## AND HIS BAND



CRIME  
CREEPS WITHIN  
THE CORE OF THE  
EARTH AND SEEKS TO  
ROB YOUNG ROBINHOOD'S  
HIDEOUT SUPREME!

IT WAS A BOAR AGAINST  
BULLETS IN THAT TREMENDOUS  
UNDERGROUND CONFLICT AND  
CRIME-KINGS WERE SINGED BY  
THE HOT FLAMES OF HATE  
THAT BELCHES FROM THE  
BOW AND ARROWS OF  
THAT COURAGEOUS  
AMERICAN YOUTH,  
YOUNG ROBINHOOD

ALL THE THRILLS OF TEN MAGAZINES IN 'CRIME DOES NOT PAY'!



NEED WE TELL YOU WHO THIS  
BAND OF YOUNGSTERS IS THAT  
STROLLS THROUGH CENTRAL PARK.

GEE, THIS  
WAR NEEDS US!  
-WISH WE WERE  
OLD ENOUGH TO  
JOIN UP!!!

WHAT WOULD  
YOU DO CARRY  
REFRESHMENTS,  
LITTLE DOC?

HEY!  
LOOKIT THE  
BOAR OVER  
THERE!

-WONDER WHAT  
THOSE KIDS ARE  
DRESSED UP LIKE  
THAT FOR?

PROBABLY  
SOME SORT  
OF A  
CLUB!

SAY, THAT'S A  
RUGGED LOOKING  
ANIMAL YOU HAVE  
THERE - I HAVEN'T  
NOTICED HIM  
BEFORE!

FEROCIOUS  
LOOKING  
DEVIL!

IT'S A SHE-  
'TILLIE' - JUST  
ARRIVED  
TODAY!

WELL, FELLERS,  
I'M GOING OVER TO  
TIMES SQUARE AND  
TAKE IN A MOVIE -  
SEE YOU IN THE  
DEN LATER!

RIGHTO!  
ROBINHOOD -

WE'LL SAVE YOU  
SOME BARBEQUED  
CHICKEN -

WHILE NOT FAR FROM TIMES SQUARE WE FIND  
A MOST FRIGHTENED MOBSTER, 'SNOOKY' CURRAN'S.

SEE DIS? DO YA KNOW WHAT  
IT IS? - AN INDUCTION CARD  
FROM DE ARMY! DE  
PLAZA JOB IS ME LAST  
CHANCE TO CLEAN UP  
BIG DOUGH!

Y-YA CAN'T DO THAT, BOSS!  
WHEN WE CHECKED ON THE  
JOINT LAST MONTH WE  
FOUND OUT IT WAS DYNAMITE -  
THE JOB'S TOO DANGEROUS!

HUTS! T'NIGHT D'YEARLY  
RENTS ARE IN DAT  
SAFE-AND WE'RE  
GETTIN' DAT DOUGH  
WITH NO SLIPUPS!

EVENING FALLS ON THE PARK PLAZA, ULTRA  
EXCLUSIVE HOTEL ON NEW YORK'S CENTRAL  
PARK, WHERE RENTS RUN HIGH AND NOSES  
HIGHER -

HAVE YOU READ THE LATEST BOY COMICS YET - GET IT TODAY!







GANG!

HI, YOUNG ROBINHOOD!  
THE PARK'S FULL OF CROOKS!  
-IT JUST CAME OVER  
THE RADIO-WE'RE  
GOING IN AFTER  
THEM!

I KNOW-  
-SOON AS I  
GET MY EQUIPMENT  
I'LL PICK YOU  
UP!

WELL, I'LL BE A  
MONKEY'S UNCLE!  
-IT'S YOUNG ROBINHOOD  
-THAT MUST BE  
WHERE HE HIDES  
OUT!

SMOOKY CURRANS AND DICE DONOVAN  
ARE LUCKY ENOUGH TO DISCOVER A  
SECRET KNOWN ONLY TO ROBINHOOD'S  
BAND- THEIR HIDDEN ENTRANCE -

PSST,  
DICE, PIPE  
DAT!

HMM  
?

A PARK SEARCHLIGHT CREW IS BROUGHT INTO ACTION -

SWING THE  
LIGHT OVER THAT  
WAY, JOE -- THINK I  
SEE ONE OF  
'EM!

RIGHT!

WATCH  
OUT!

BANG!

AH-H-H!

ALRIGHT YOU \*\$!!! -  
WE'RE TRAPPED - BUT  
SOMEONE'S COMING  
WITH ME!

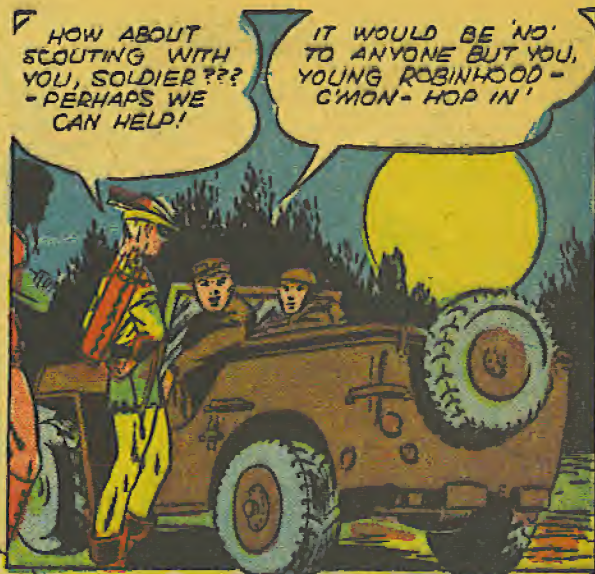
CRACK

HELP COMBAT CROOKS, READ "CRIME DOES NOT PAY"!





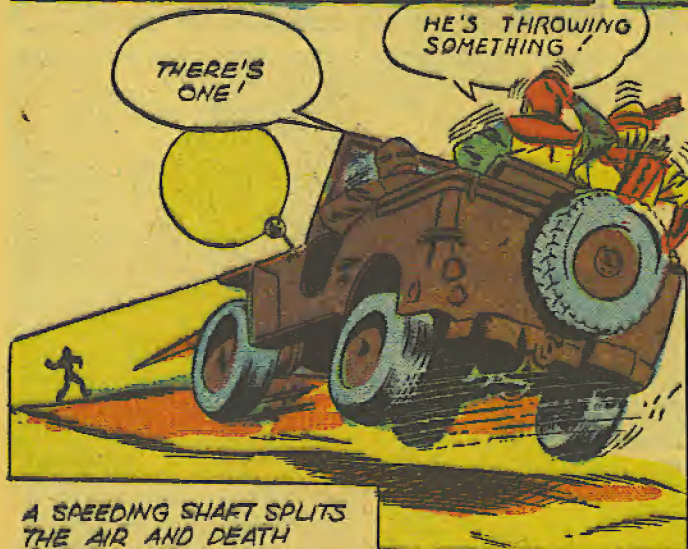
A LIFE  
FOR A LIFE,  
RAT, BUT WE  
SHOULD GET TWO  
FOR YOURS!



HOW ABOUT  
SCOUTING WITH  
YOU, SOLDIER???

- PERHAPS WE  
CAN HELP!

IT WOULD BE 'NO'  
TO ANYONE BUT YOU,  
YOUNG ROBINHOOD -  
C'MON - HOP IN!



THERE'S  
ONE!

HE'S THROWING  
SOMETHING!



LOOKOUT!  
IT'S AN  
EXPLOSIVE!

A SPEEDING SHAFT SPLITS  
THE AIR AND DEATH  
BURSTS HARMLESSLY  
OVERHEAD -



OH, OH - NO  
YOU DON'T, LITTLE  
MAN!

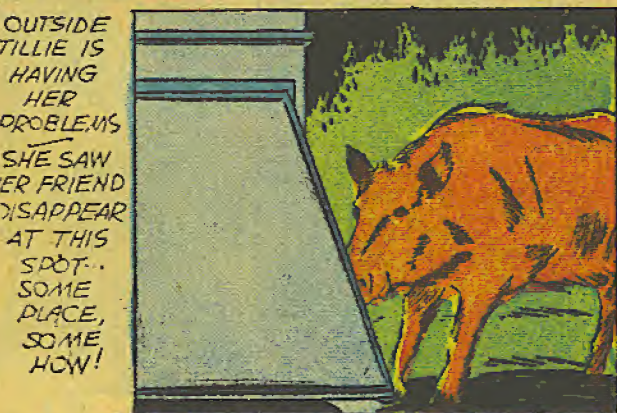
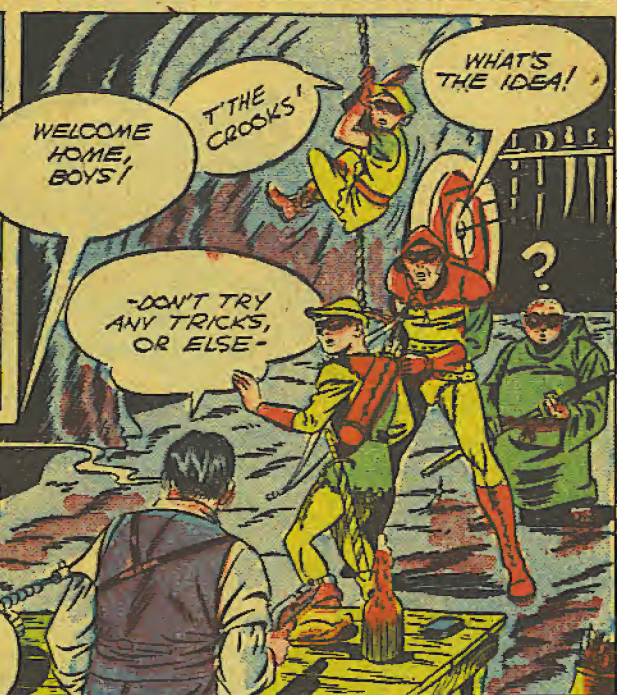
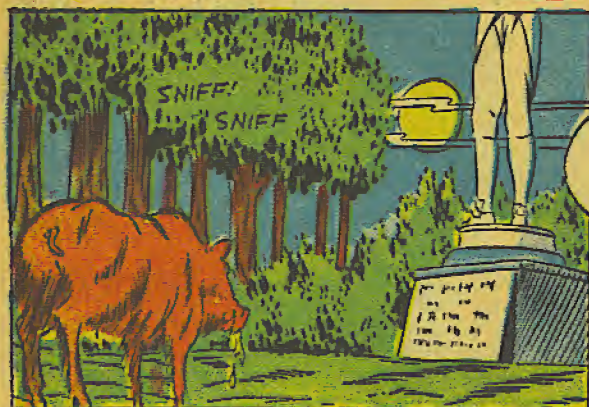
HEY, SAVE  
SOME OF HIM  
FOR ME!



SWEET  
DREAMS!

HELP WIN THE WAR, BUY DEFENSE STAMPS NOW!





IF YOU LIKE OUR MAGAZINE, TELL YOUR FRIENDS!



NOW, MY HALF-DINT  
CRIME BREAKER-UPPER-  
YOU'RE ALL DONE-KINDA  
SHORT CAREER YA HAD,  
WASN'T IT?

BUT:  
TILLIE?

COME  
ON!

LET 'EM UP!  
LET 'EM UP OR  
I'LL BLAST YOUR  
HEAD OFF!

BE GOOD,  
ROPE!

HERE'S  
A SHORT  
UPPERCUT FROM  
A 'SHORT CAREER  
BOY'

OW!  
HALP!

ATTA  
GIRL,  
TILLIE!

I THINK  
THE BIG ONE'S  
A LITTLE  
OVERDONE!

WE'RE BOININ'!  
DON'T  
PLEASE DON'T!  
HELP!

I'LL GET  
THE  
POLICE!

SORRY WE  
COULDN'T GIVE YOU  
THE 'RAT-MEAT', TILLIE-  
IT WOULD HAVE  
MADE YOU SICK,  
ANYWAY!

BEWARE!

ALL READERS OF COMIC  
MAGAZINES ARE WARNED  
TO BE PREPARED FOR  
THE NEXT ISSUE'S  
SPINE-CHILLING, HEART-  
STOPPING EPISODE-  
WATCH FOR IT !!!

WE'RE JUST WARMING  
YOU UP FOR THE ELECTRIC  
CHAIR!

STICK TO COMIC HOUSE MAGAZINES, THEY'RE WHAT YOU WANT!



# DICKIE DEAN

THE BOY INVENTOR

**DAILY STAR**  
**DICKIE DEAN**  
**CAPTURES SABOTEURS**

RECEIVES \$10,000  
REWARD MONEY...  
YOUTHFUL INVENTOR  
FETED AT WHITE  
HOUSE BY PRES-  
IDENT FOR DARING  
ACCOMPLISH-  
MENT.....



I'D LIKE  
TO EXCHANGE  
THIS REWARD MONEY  
FOR GOVERNMENT  
BONDS!

YOU MEAN  
YOU'RE BUYING  
ALL THOSE  
BONDS?



JUMPIN' CATS  
WHAT A KID-HE  
WINS TEN GRAND  
AND GIVES IT TO  
THE U.S.

If your best  
friend was ill and  
needed medicine -  
would you spend your  
last dollar for it? You  
would! Well, Uncle Sam  
isn't sick, but he sure  
needs help. Live all you  
can. Remember - a  
bond today is a  
bomber tomorrow!  
*Dickie Dean*



TOO YOUNG TO JOIN THE ARMY,  
DICKIE AND HIS GIDE-KICK, ZIP  
TODD, PONDER FOR MORE AND  
BETTER WAYS TO HELP UNCLE SAM..

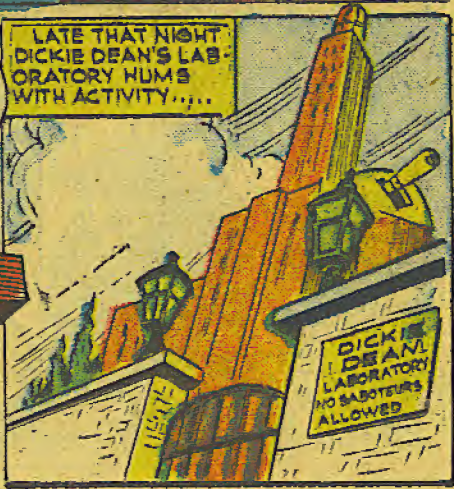
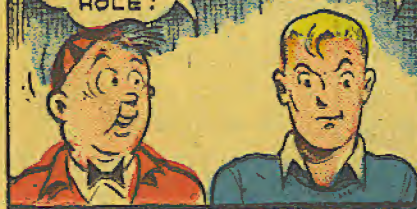
GOSH! GEE  
WILLIKERS, DICKIE!  
I KINDA THOUGHT IT  
ALL OVER..SURE IS  
SWELL TO PULL  
YOUR COUNTRY  
OUT OF A  
HOLE!

YES, BUT  
EVERYBODY ELSE  
HAS TO HELP, TOO!  
IF ONLY....SAY-Y-Y,  
COME ON, ZIP!

I'M GOING  
TO TRY AND INVENT  
A MACHINE THAT WILL  
MAKE EVERYBODY  
BUY DEFENSE BONDS  
AND STAMPS, ZIP!

BUT  
HOW-  
DICKIE?

LATE THAT NIGHT  
DICKIE DEAN'S LAB-  
ORATORY HUMS  
WITH ACTIVITY....





NEXT MORNING

THERE SHE IS - ALL FINISHED, ZIP!

HUMPH! DOESN'T LOOK LIKE MUCH TO ME!

MAYBE NOT, BUT WHATEVER ANYONE PUTS INTO THIS MACHINE WILL BE REDUCED TO ITS REAL MATERIAL VALUE IN DEFENSE BONDS. EVEN JUNK IS WORTH SOMETHING!

WHEN GOODS REACH \$18.75 WORTH, A FRESH NEW BOND COMES OUT OF THIS END!

WELL, FER-

WONDER WHAT VALUE MY MOTHER IN LAW'S PICTURE WILL BRING?

WE CAN ALWAYS USE BROOMSTICKS - IF THE NAZIS WIN, THERE WON'T BE ANY BASE-BALL!

BROOKLYN DODGERS

COME ON, CHAMPS, WE'D BE CHUMPS NOT TO GRAB THIS CHANCE!

BETTER THAN THE GLUE FACTORY!

AM I MORTIFIED... DEY WON'T EVEN ACCEPT ME SCHNOZ-ZOLA FOR ONE STAMP - IT'S UNCONSTITUTIONAL!

ROCHESTER, YOU'RE SEEING THE MIRACLE OF THE AGE - I'M SENDING UNCLE SAM A BOUQUET FOR THIS!

(SIGH) NO MORE B (SIGH)

GET IN LINE WITH THE REST OF THE FELLOWS AND SHOW DICKIE YOU'RE A REAL AMERICAN, TOO!

BUY MORE THAN YOUR SHARE OF UNCLE SAM'S VICTORY BONDS AND STAMPS - WE MUST BEAT THE AXIS!

Martinez



# SWOOP STORM



A MINIATURE PLANE  
BRINGS A MAMMOTH  
AMOUNT OF TROUBLE  
TO 'SWOOP' STORM AND  
HIS PAL, WINKIE -  
- BUT UNDERNEATH  
THE FROLICKING FREE  
FOR ALL LIES A GRIM  
PLOT THAT THREATENS  
TO ENVELOP ALL BE-  
FORE IT AND DESTROY  
FOREVER A MASTER  
INVENTION -

WE FIND WINKIE HARD AT WORK ON  
HIS OWN PRIVATE INVENTION -

HEY, LOOK-THERE'S SWOOP'S  
PAL-HE KNOWS ALL ABOUT  
PLANES, I BET!



GREETINGS, BOYS,  
JUST PUTTING THE  
FINISHING TOUCHES  
ON MY NEW BENT WING  
MODEL - IT TAKES OFF  
TWICE AS FAST AS  
ANYTHING IN THE  
AIR!

NO  
KIDDING?



YOU'RE JUST THE  
FELLOW WE WANT  
TO SEE -- WE'RE  
HAVING AN AIR  
CLUB MEETING  
TONIGHT!

-AND WE  
NEED SOMEONE  
TO DEMONSTRATE  
MODEL PLANE  
BUILDING!

HUR?



BE LIKE DAREDEVIL, ALWAYS ON THE LEVEL!



SWOOP RETURNS HOME -  
THAT AFTERNOON -

WHAT'S THIS! TEACHING  
KIDS HOW TO FLY AT THE  
TOWN HALL - SEE YOU  
LATER - WINKIE!



NOW, FELLERS - OBSERVE  
CLOSELY THE TECHNIQUE OF  
HANDLING THAT I EMPLOY -  
-YA GOTTA TREAT A PLANE  
JUST LIKE IT WAS HUMAN,  
Y'KNOW!

AW -  
DHOOEY - THAT'LL  
NEVER FLY!



KEEP YOUR  
MOUTH SHUT OR  
WE'LL THROW  
YOU OUT!

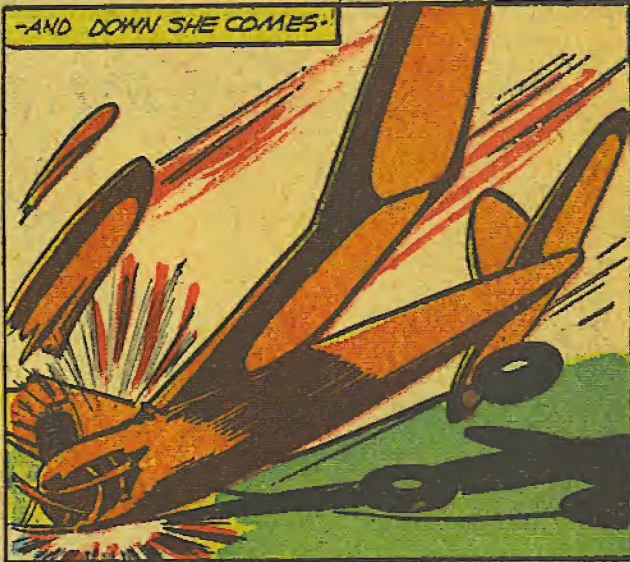
SURE,  
WINKIE'S GOT  
A GOOD  
PLANE!



-AN OFF  
SHE GOES!

DON'T  
MIND HIM,  
WINKIE - THAT'S  
'STINKER' HAUDTMAN,  
- HE'S A PILL!

-AND DOWN SHE COMES-



HO, HO - HA,  
HA - WHAT'D  
I TELL  
YOU!

AW-W-  
HECK!

DON'T BE  
DISCOURAGED  
WINKIE - I'VE  
A SURPRISE  
FOR YOU!

ANYONE WHO'D LIKE  
TO SEE MY NEW INVENTION  
JUST FOLLOW  
ME!

INVENTION?  
-SO SWOOP IS  
GONNA SHOW  
US ONE,  
TOO, EH?



THIS IS JUST  
WHAT POP'S  
BEEN WAITIN'  
FOR...



GET "CRIME DOES NOT PAY". SHOW IT TO DAD, HE'LL LOVE IT!





--YEAH, YEAH-- IT'S SOME NEW INVENTION AN HE'S GONNA LET US SEE IT TESTED!

GOODT WORK, SON, I VILL DAY HIS LABORATORY A VISIT!

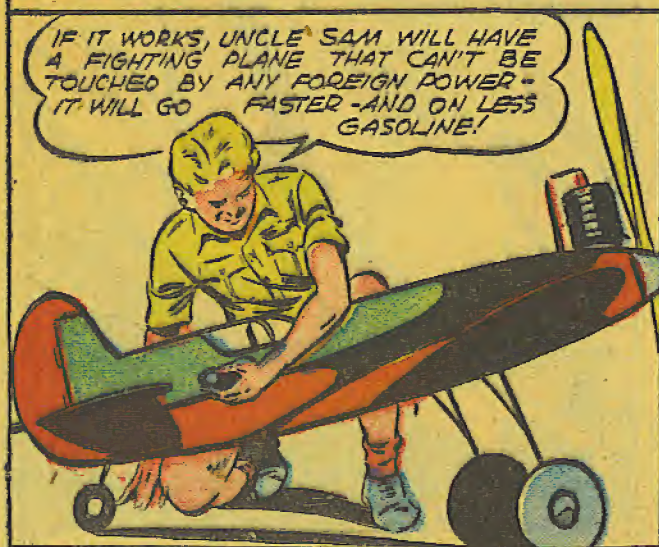


SVOOD STORM ISS GETTING TOO SMART FOR HIS BRITCHES- I THINK I SHOULD RELIEVE HIM OF DOSE PLANS!



MEANWHILE

BE READY IN A SECOND, BOYS--THAT GADGET ON THE BODY SHOULD CONTACT ELECTRIC WAVES AND CONVERT THEM INTO ADDED HORSE-POWER-

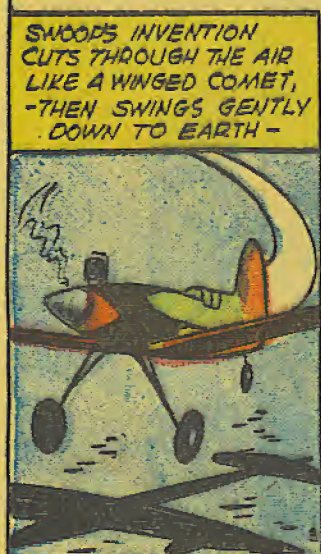


IF IT WORKS, UNCLE SAM WILL HAVE A FIGHTING PLANE THAT CAN'T BE TOUCHED BY ANY FOREIGN POWER-- IT WILL GO FASTER--AND ON LESS GASOLINE!



SHE GOES! --BOY OH BOY!!!

WOW! LOOKIT THAT!



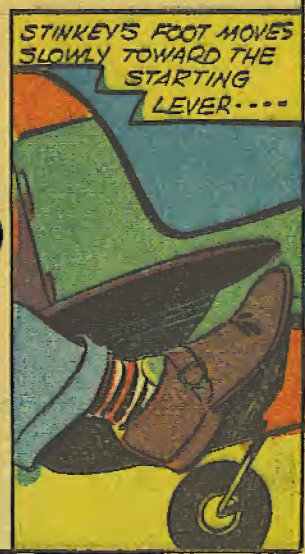
SVOOD'S INVENTION CUTS THROUGH THE AIR LIKE A WINGED COMET, --THEN SWINGS GENTLY DOWN TO EARTH--



HM-M-M- THE THING WORKS ALRIGHT, --WONDER IF I COULD--

IT'S EVEN STRONG ENOUGH TO SIT ON!

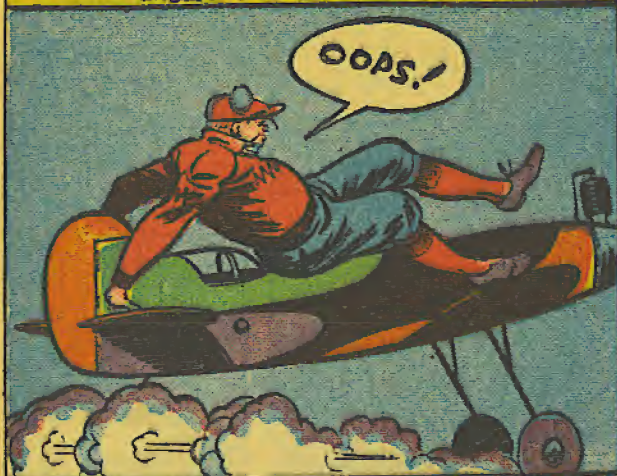
GEE-- THAT WAS SWELL, SVOOD!



STINKEY'S FOOT MOVES SLOWLY TOWARD THE STARTING LEVER----



-WITH A SUDDEN ROAR THE PLANE STREAKS UNDER WINKIE-



H-HEY-  
LET ME  
DOWN!



AT SWOOD'S LABORATORY  
'STINKY' HAUPTMAN'S FATHER  
LOSES NO TIME -



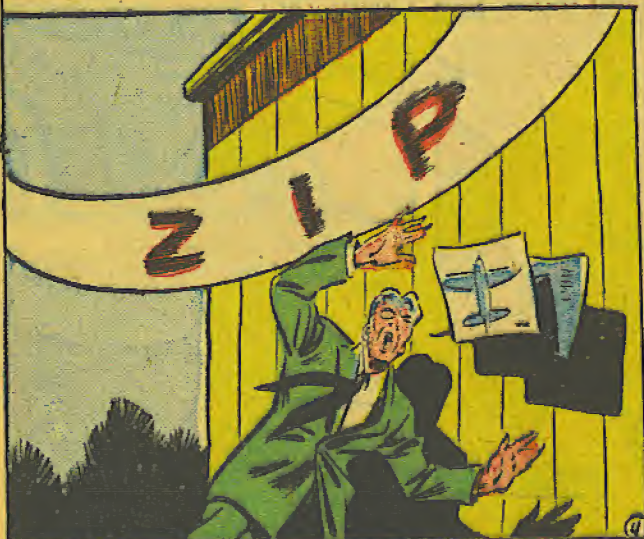
HUMPH-DESE INVENTIONS  
ARE FANATIC BUT SO  
MANY REALLY WORK -  
BETTER SEND DEM TO  
DER FATERLAND FOR  
ANALYSIS!



-SOMEONE  
FOOLIN'  
AROUND  
SWOOD'S  
LAB!

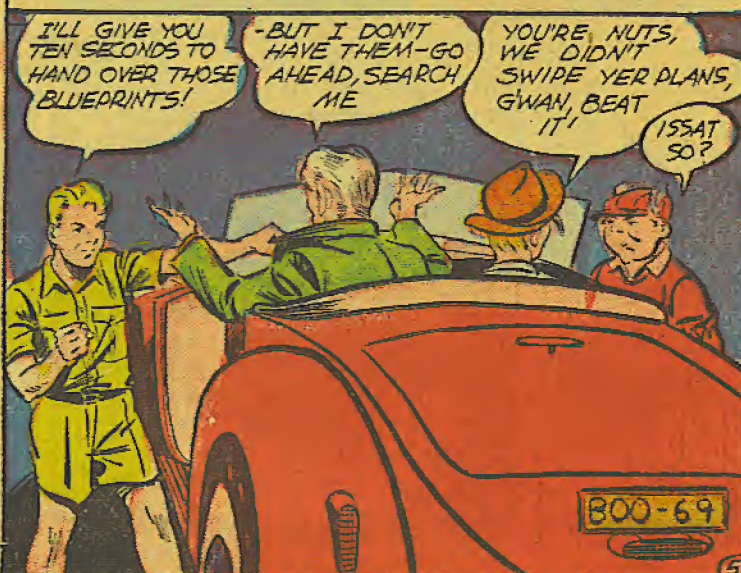
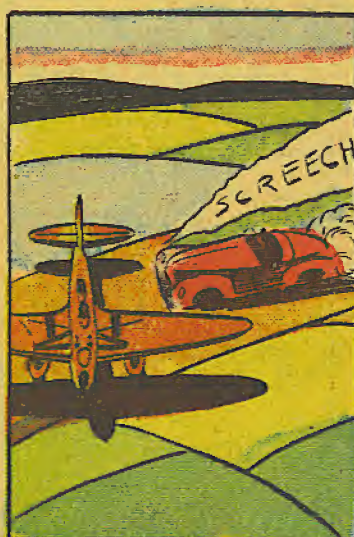


BOY- AM I GLAD  
TO SEE THIS WATER!



HELP COMBAT CROOKS, READ 'CRIME DOES NOT PAY'!





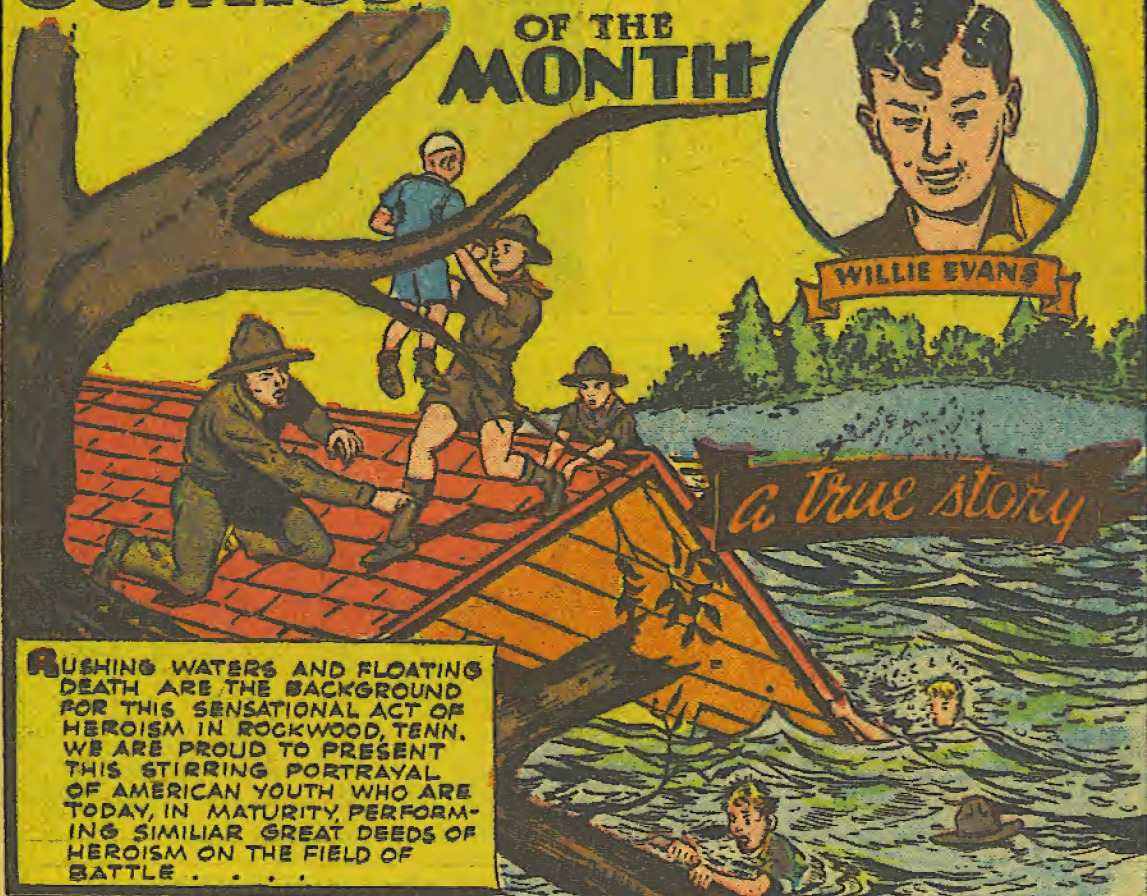


# BOY COMICS HERO

OF THE MONTH



WILLIE EVANS



**R**USHING WATERS AND FLOATING DEATH ARE THE BACKGROUND FOR THIS SENSATIONAL ACT OF HEROISM IN ROCKWOOD, TENN. WE ARE PROUD TO PRESENT THIS STIRRING PORTRAYAL OF AMERICAN YOUTH WHO ARE TODAY, IN MATURITY, PERFORMING SIMILAR GREAT DEEDS OF HEROISM ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE . . . .

SCOUTS HIKING HAPPILY TOWARD THEIR MOUNTAIN CAMP...HOW LITTLE THEY REALIZE WHAT GRIM SHADOW OF DISASTER HOVERS ABOVE THEM...



GOSH.. THIS IS SWELL, WILLIE!

HOW DO YOU LIKE YOUR FIRST CAMPING TRIP, DOUGLAS?



WELL BOYS, SINCE IT'S RAINING TOO HARD TO DO ANYTHING OUTDOORS... I THINK I'LL READ TO YOU... EH?

SWELL, MR. WRIGHT!

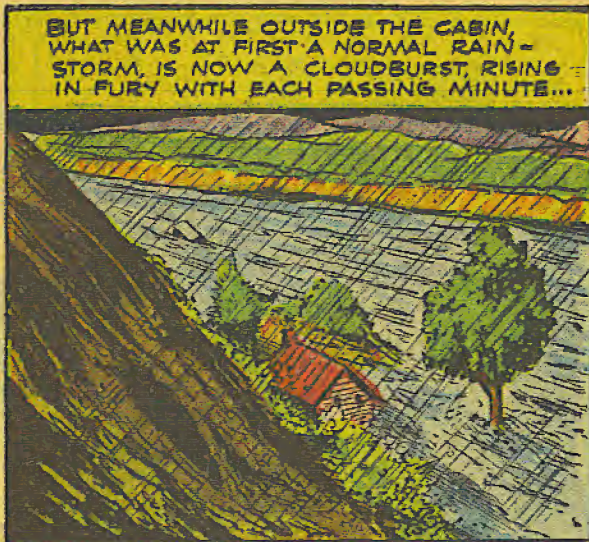
WHEN THE FIRST PATTERN OF RAIN CAME, YOUNG SCOUTMASTER WRIGHT ROSE TO THE SITUATION...FOR AMONG THE TROOP WERE THE YOUNG ONES WHO MIGHT BE FRIGHTENED...



HMMM...THE STORM IS  
MAKING SO MUCH NOISE,  
YOU FELLOWS CAN'T HEAR!  
ME... SO, WE MAY AS WELL  
GO TO BED!!

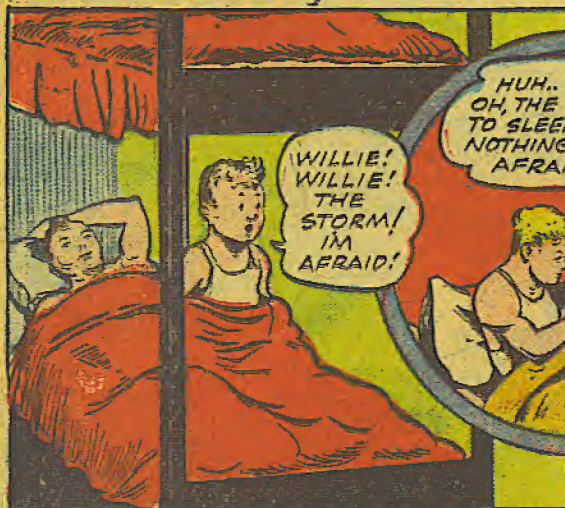


BUT MEANWHILE OUTSIDE THE CABIN,  
WHAT WAS AT FIRST A NORMAL RAIN-  
STORM, IS NOW A CLOUDBURST, RISING  
IN FURY WITH EACH PASSING MINUTE...



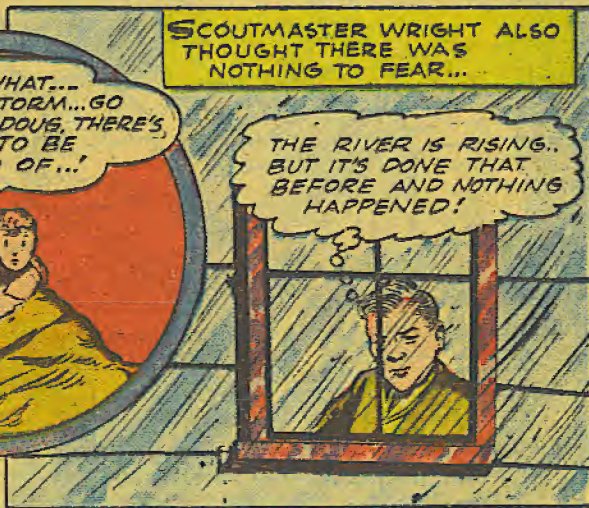
WILLIE!  
WILLIE!  
THE  
STORM!  
I'M  
AFRAID!

HUH.. WHAT...  
OH, THE STORM...GO  
TO SLEEP DOUG, THERE'S  
NOTHING TO BE  
AFRAID OF...



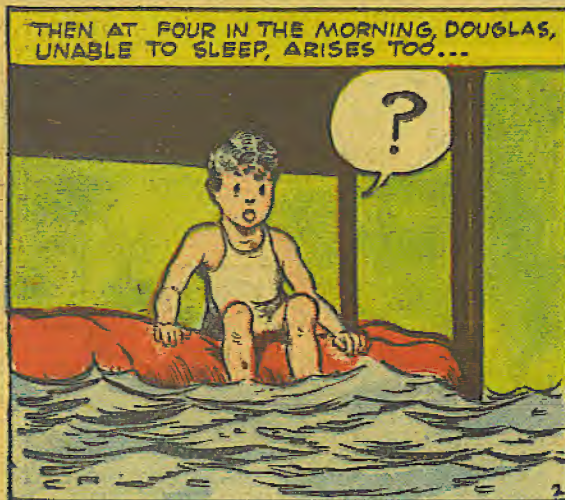
SCOUTMASTER WRIGHT ALSO  
THOUGHT THERE WAS  
NOTHING TO FEAR...

THE RIVER IS RISING..  
BUT IT'S DONE THAT  
BEFORE AND NOTHING  
HAPPENED!



THEN AT FOUR IN THE MORNING, DOUGLAS,  
UNABLE TO SLEEP, ARISES TOO...

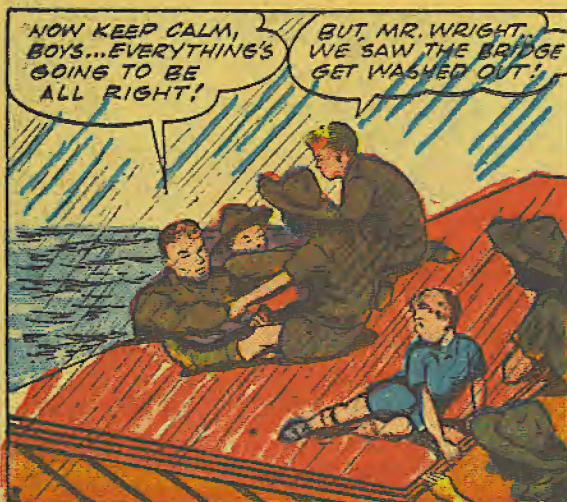
?



WILLIE! HELP!  
HELP!..THE CABIN  
IS FLOODED!







HELP WIN THE WAR, BUY DEFENSE STAMPS NOW!



SUDDENLY A SIGNAL LIGHT FLASHES FROM ACROSS THE RIVER...

LOOK, MR. WRIGHT...  
SOMEONE'S SIGNALING  
FROM THE OTHER BANK!



HE SIGNALS THAT  
HELP IS COMING!

GOOD!



LOOK! LOOK!  
THE WHOLE  
MOUNTAIN SIDE  
IS BEING WASHED  
DOWN ON US!

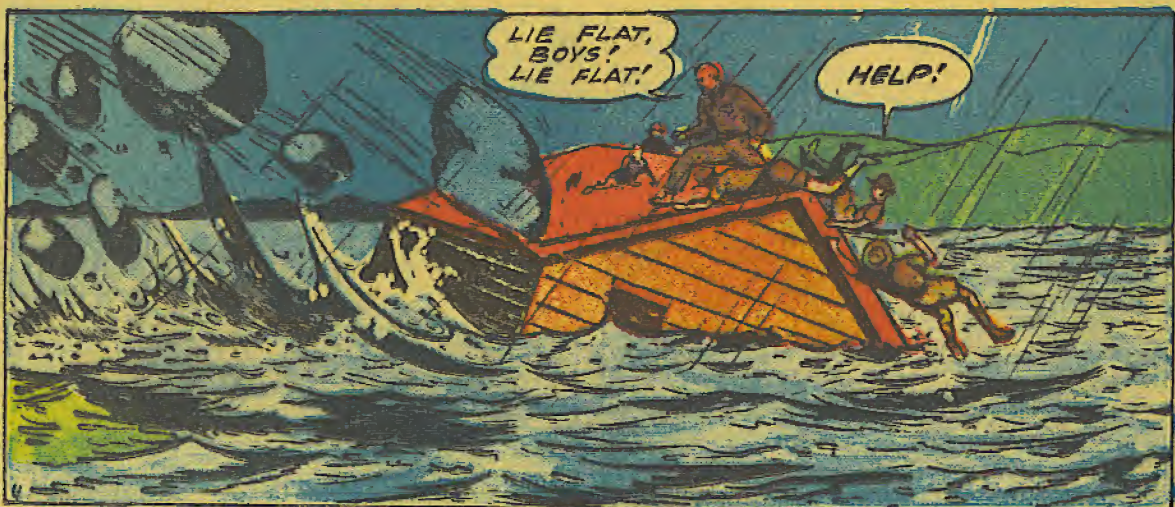


DEATH THUNDERING DOWN FROM THE  
MOUNTAIN SLOPES! WHAT ACT OF  
MAN OR GOD, CAN SAVE THIS  
DOOMED TROOP!



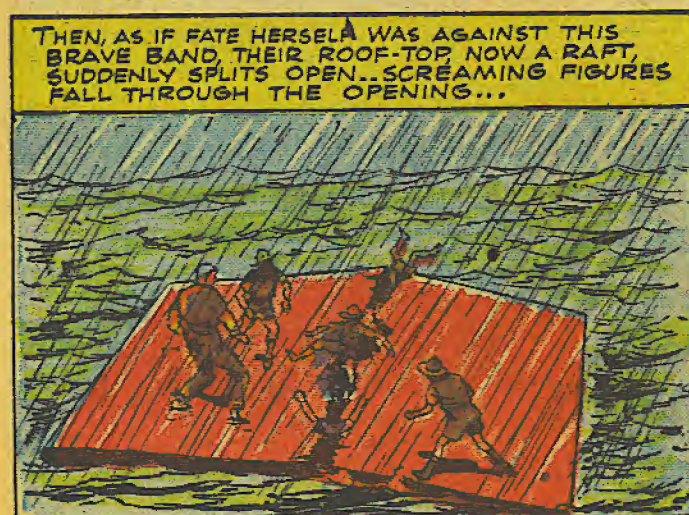
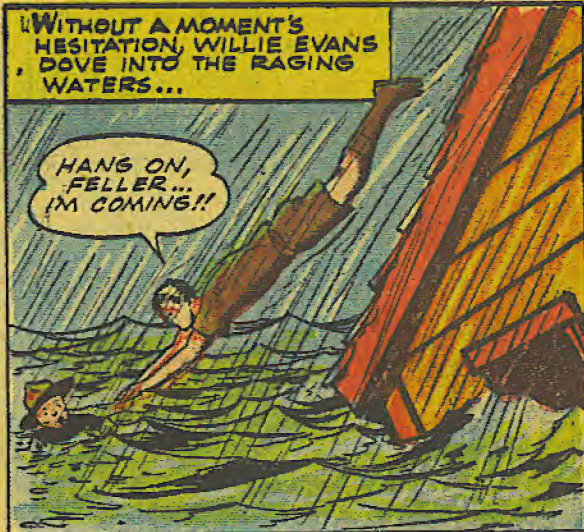
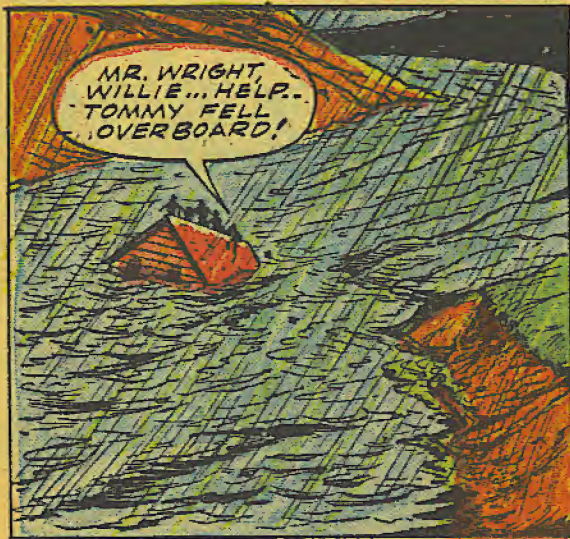
LIE FLAT,  
BOYS!  
LIE FLAT!

HELP!



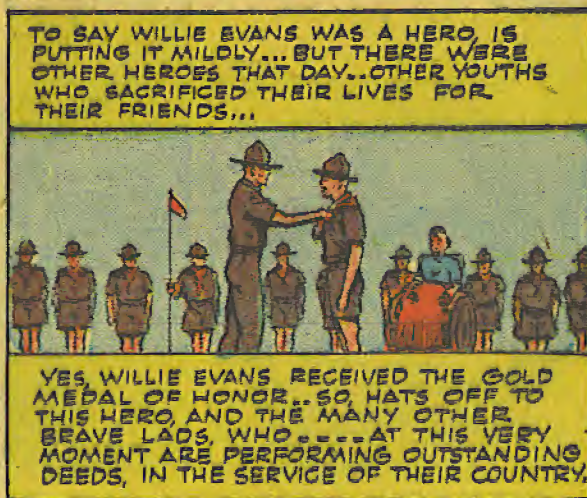
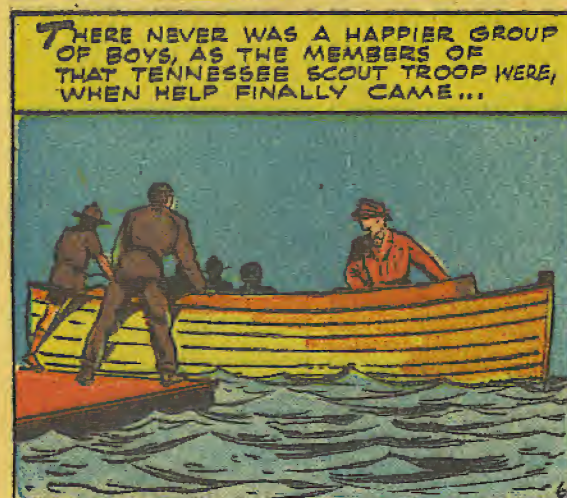
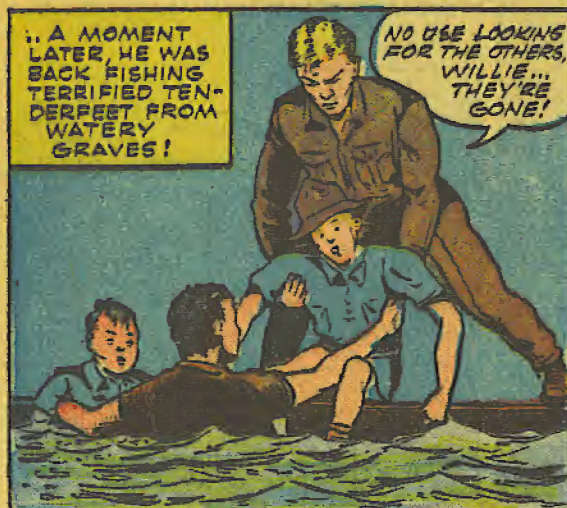
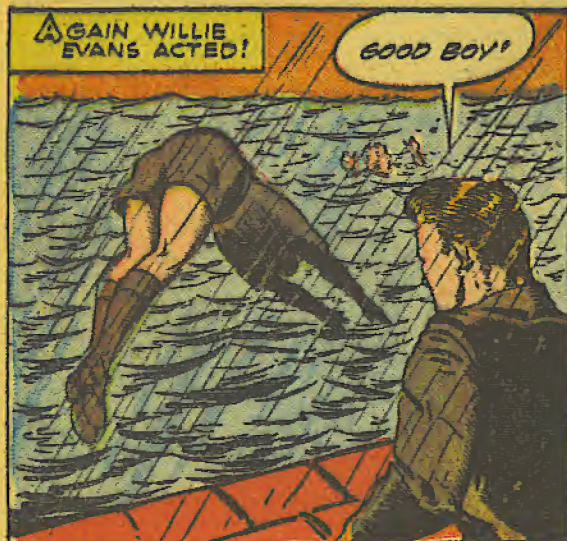
ALL THE THRILLS OF TEN MAGAZINES IN 'CRIME DOES NOT PAY'!





GET 'CRIME DOES NOT PAY'. SHOW IT TO DAD, HE'LL LOVE IT!





IF YOU LIKE OUR MAGAZINE, TELL YOUR FRIENDS!





# STAMPS



ELIAS

## Charter Oak

IN the 300th anniversary of the Settlement of Connecticut in 1935, the Post Office Department issued a special stamp to commemorate the event. No more appropriate design could have been chosen for use on the stamp than historic Charter Oak, the symbol of independence for the people of Connecticut.

There is a legend in Connecticut history regarding this old tree and it came about in this way: Back in 1657, John Whitney, Jr., was chosen as Governor of Connecticut Colony and by his skill in diplomacy, he procured in 1662, a Charter from Charles II, granting absolute autonomy to the Connecticut Colony. James II, the successor of Charles II, found in 1687 that the Charter was a barrier to his plan of making Connecticut part of his New England Colony. James sent the Governor General of New England, Sir Edmond Andros, to

Hartford, to demand delivery of the Charter. The colonists of Connecticut did not desire to give it up and by arrangement in advance, they appeared to be ready to submit to the demand of the king and called a meeting of the council for that evening, to surrender their Charter. While going through the ceremonies, the candle lights were blown out and during the confusion the Charter was stolen. The story continues that the Charter was hidden in a hollow of the Oak tree and was not brought out until Andros was removed from office two years later and the rights under the charter restored.

This historic Oak tree stood in Hartford, Connecticut until



### MEANING OF "APPROVALS"

When the word "approvals" or "approval applicants" appears in any advertisement on these pages, it means that the advertiser, in addition to sending you the offer he makes you, sends you some sheets of paper upon which are stuck stamps that he wishes you to look over and possibly buy. These stamps have written below them the price he wishes for that stamp. If you want to buy it, you return the stamp or stamps you want, and RETURN those you do NOT want together with the money for THOSE YOU HAVE KEPT. In other words, the stamps are for your "APPROVAL."

### KNOW MORE ABOUT STAMPS

Be more successful in your stamp collecting; have more fun; know what to buy! Our BIG illustrated weekly stamp magazine tells all about stamps and stamp collecting. Special - 26 Weeks Subscription - 45c.

WEEKLY STAMP JOURNAL

Room 306, 55 Reade St., New York City

### Historic Charter Oak Connecticut Tercentenary Issue

1856, when it was blown down in a storm. When a section of the tree trunk was cut, it was found to measure seven feet in diameter and its age computed at nearly one thousand years. On the spot where the historic tree stood there has been erected a monument on Charter Oak Place, in Hartford.

### GIGANTIC CANADIAN BARGAIN

Complete set Royal Visit, Coronation, Jubilee, new George VI set, Confederation, Can. V set, etc. A gigantic bargain. Only 1c to approval applicants.

1c ENSIGN STAMPCO, Box 111, So. Orange, N. J. 1c

### UNITED STATES BARGAIN

Here's an offer so stupendous that it is almost unbelievable; 52 different U.S. stamps ranging in age as far back as over sixty years and in face value as high as the dollar Wilson, composed entirely of face different postage, airmail and commemorative stamps, existing also. In addition, 2 U.S. possession pictorials.

We will send all these for only 10c, but only to sincere approval applicants. In asking for approvals please state whether you are interested in United States or foreign stamps or both.

Approval Headquarters  
GLOBUS STAMP COMPANY  
268 Fourth Avenue, Dept. 102, New York City

### STAMPS — HINGES — BOOK

Packages of 100 different stamps from world; 500 Stamp Hinges and 48 page STAMP COLLECTOR'S HANDBOOK full of valuable information. Everything 10c to approval applicants.  
H. N. Dolm, at Park Row, N. Y. C.

### SUPER-WONDER PACKET OFFERED

Containing stamps from AFGHANISTAN (65 long), NORTH BORNEO (Buffalo, 12c), GUADALOUPE (sugar, 10c), COSTA RICA (triangle, 10c), MARTINIQUE (palace), BRUNEL (boat). This entire packet for only 3c to approval applicants. Big illustrated lists free with each order.

KENT STAMP CO.

G.P.O. Box 87(5) Brooklyn, N. Y.

### U. S. APPROVAL SERVICE

Send us a postcard and we will send you in return mail a big 4-page list of stamps for sale at 10c each, made and received. Write today.  
MUBER STAMP CO. Dept. 33  
1227 Chelton Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

### CHINA — U. S. CONSTITUTION

Large U. S. Map and China map stamp in full color, included in our packet of 101 different stamps from the world for ONLY 5c to approval applicants.

B & L STAMP CO.

Dept. 8, Box 342, Jamaica, N. Y.

115 ALL DIFFERENT STAMPS  
Catalog value over \$2.25  
given to approval applicants  
sending 4c postage

FREE

ZEPHYR 3437 N. Kolmar, Chicago

### EARN CASH! EARN STAMPS!

Boys and girls sell my approvals, nickel packets and supplies in your school, club and neighborhood, or to yourself. Bargains in stamps and profits to you.

MORTIMER ELLIS

33 Reade St., Dept. 8-5, New York, N. Y.

### 55 DIFF. UNITED STATES 5c

Including AIRMAILS, PRESIDENTIALS, high values, 18th cent., commemoratives, coils, revenues, etc. To applicants for our BARGAIN APPROVALS. FREE BIG LIST included.  
W. C. BOOKMAN  
Box 143 X Maplewood, N. J.

### MEXICO CENSUS SET COMPLETE

Free to approval applicants  
PLADON STAMP CO.  
1717 Idaho, Dept. G, Toledo, Ohio

### PONY EXPRESS SET

Rare collectors have been told that few U.S. issues, issued by Wells, Fargo & Co. in 1881. Since originals are practically unobtainable, we will send a free set of facsimile reproductions to approval applicants who include 4c floor card postage.  
R.D. Roberts & Co. 610 Shearer Bldg., Bay City, Mich.

### Weird Stamps From Distant Lands

Source NEJD (Arabia), set of AZERBAIJAN (Baku oil fields), weird set from GEORGIA (Caucasian Republics), sets from BELANGOR and PERAK (Malaya), PLUS a packet of 25 diff. Asia including beautiful pictorials, all ONLY 5c to approval applicants.

RIDGEWAY STAMPS

Dept. 8, 1420-14th Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

### 6 LIBERIA AIRMAIL TRIANGLES 5c

Complete set for approval applicants only.  
L. W. BROWN Dept. 45, Marlon, Mich.

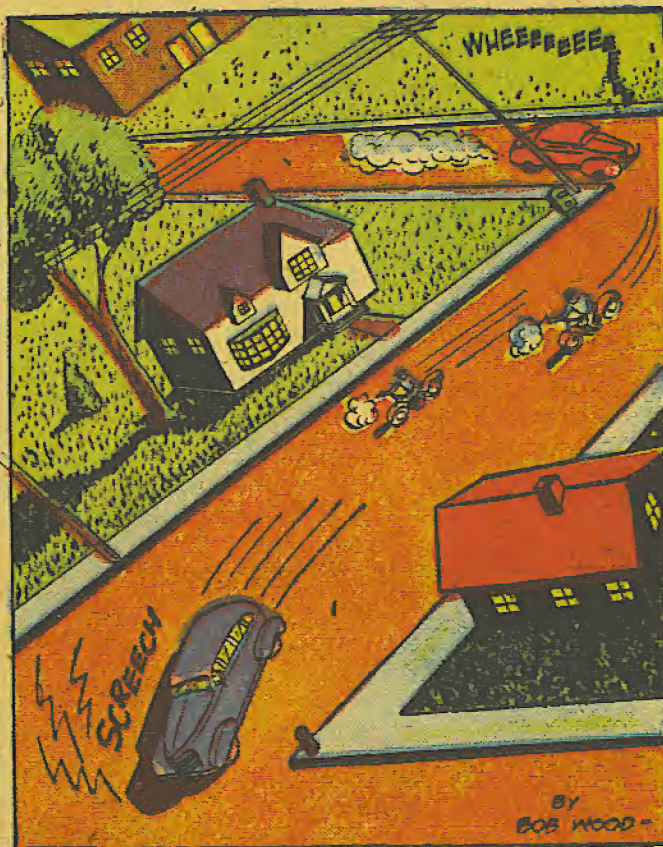


Please note: ALL NAMES OF PERSONS AND EVENTS HEREIN  
DEPICTED ARE FICTITIOUS. ANY SIMILARITY TO ACTUAL  
PERSONS LIVING OR DEAD IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL.

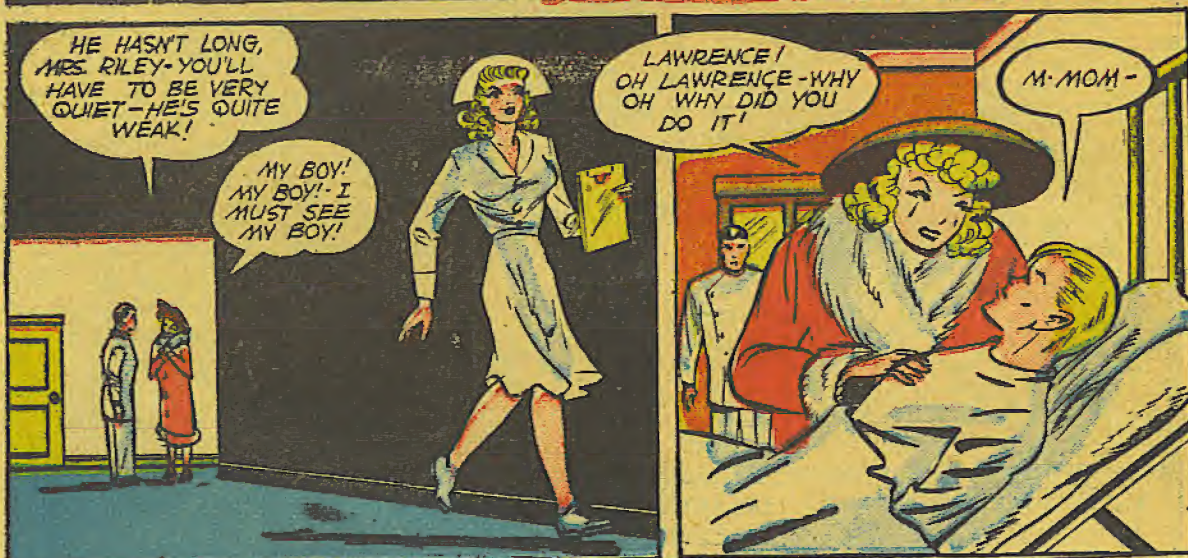
## The Case of **LARRY RILEY**

# CASE

# 1005



By  
BOB WOOD



HELP COMBAT CROOKS, READ "CRIME DOES NOT PAY"



G-GOSH, MOM-  
WHY WAS I SO  
FOOLISH--BUT  
IT'S TOO LATE  
NOW!

"IF ONLY I COULD GO BACK AND DO  
IT ALL OVER AGAIN--THAT DAY TWO  
YEARS AGO WHEN I STOLE FIFTY  
CENTS FROM DOD'S COAT POCKET"

"DETERMINED TO MAKE  
GOOD MY THREAT, I RAN  
AWAY THAT NIGHT..."

NO SON OF MINE  
IS GOING TO BE A  
THIEF! I'M GOING  
TO GIVE YOU THE  
BEATING OF YOUR  
LIFE!

OH, YEAH!  
YOU'LL BE  
SORRY!



"LIKE A LOT OF OTHER FOOLISH BOYS  
I 'HIT THE ROAD'-THINGS WERE FAR  
FROM EASY--MORE THAN ONCE I  
STARTED FOR HOME BUT SOMETHING  
ALWAYS SEEMED TO KEEP ME GOING"

"FINALLY I LANDED IN NEW YORK  
CITY. I WAS SLEEPING IN CENTRAL  
PARK AND PRETTY HUNGRY MOST  
OF THE TIME--THEN ONE DAY  
A STRANGER APPROACHED ME"

C'MON,  
KID, I'LL BUY  
YOU A MEAL--I  
BEEN PLENTY  
HUNGRY MYSELF,  
IN DE OLD  
DAYS!



NO WORK  
IN THIS BURG  
EITHER!



WHATSA MATTER,  
KID? Y'LOOK  
HUNGRY!



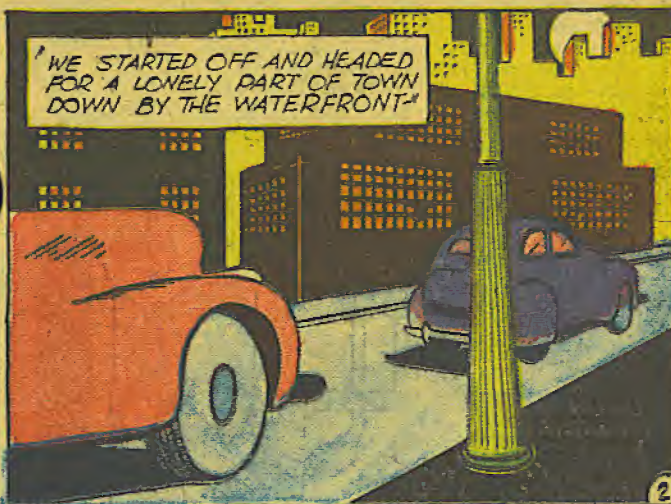
"HE FED ME, BOUGHT ME SOME SWELL  
CLOTHES AND PUT ME UP AT HIS  
APARTMENT--THEN--THREE DAYS LATER--"

LISSEN, KID, MARTY HERE  
AND ME HAS AN APPOINT-  
MENT TONIGHT--IT'S  
VERY IMPORTANT--AN'  
PRIVATE!!! ALL'S WE  
WANT YOU TO DO IS  
SIT IN THE CAR AND  
BLOW THE HORN TWICE  
IF YA SEE ANYBODY  
AROUND!

SURE  
THING--  
GLAD TO  
DO IT!



"WE STARTED OFF AND HEADED  
FOR A LONELY PART OF TOWN  
DOWN BY THE WATERFRONT--"



HAVE YOU READ THE LATEST BOY COMICS YET--GET IT TODAY!





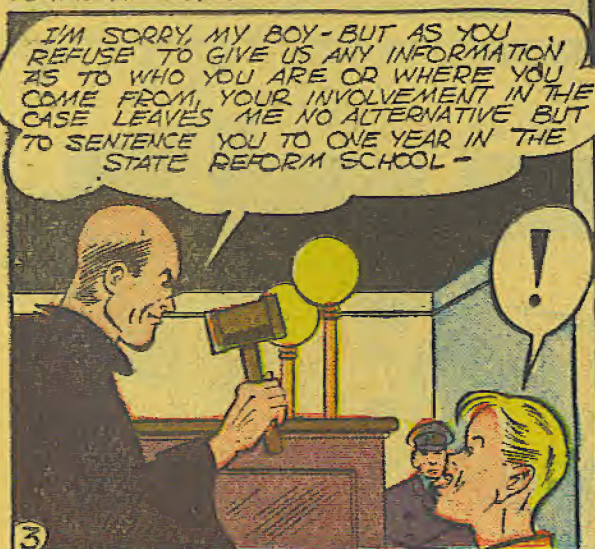
"THEY'D BEEN GONE ABOUT TWO MINUTES — WHEN —"



"NEXT THING I KNEW THERE WERE GUNSHOTS IN THE DARK — I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT WAS GOING ON — OR WHAT TO DO —"



"I LEARNED LATER THAT THEY WERE MOBSTERS — BOTH WERE KILLED BY THOSE OFFICERS — — I WAS ARRESTED — AND TWO DAYS LATER —"





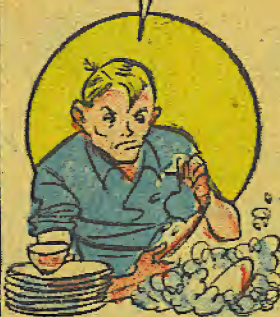
"TOO PROUD TO WRITE HOME FOR HELP, I AGAIN FOUND MYSELF IN THE BIG CITY— THIS TIME DETERMINED TO FIND A JOB AND MAKE GOOD— BUT IT SEEMED EVEN MORE DIFFICULT THAN BEFORE—"

"I FINALLY DID LAND A JOB FOR JUST ONE DAY, WASHING DISHES—"

"WHEN I FINISHED WORK THAT DAY—"

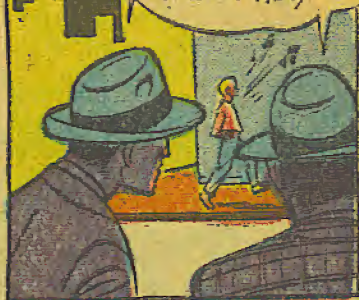


THANK HEAVENS FOR THIS— IT'LL KEEP ME IN FOOD FOR TWO DAYS!



SAY, AIN'T DAT THE KID WHO WAS MIXED UP IN DAT WAREHOUSE ROBBERY ABOUT A YEAR AGO?

YEAH, AN' THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA—HEY, KID!

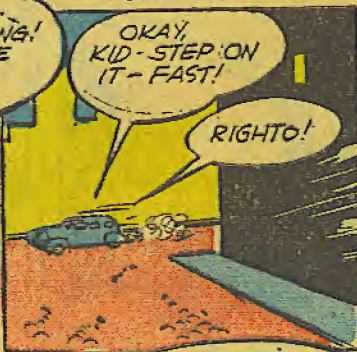
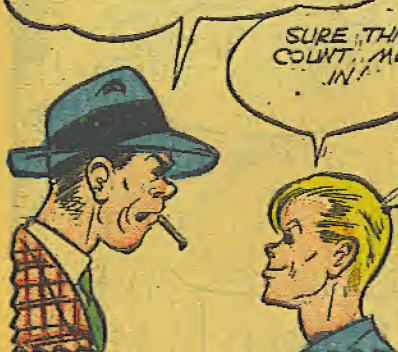


"SO YER LOOKIN' FER A JOB— NOW AIN'T DAT A COINCIDENCE— I WUZ JUST LOOKING FER A CHAUFFEUR— IF YA CAN DRIVE, THE JOB'S YOURS AT TWENTY-FIVE SMACKERS A WEEK STARTIN' T'MORROW!"

"HE TOLD ME TO KEEP THE MOTOR RUNNING AND WAIT FOR HIM AT A DESIGNATED SPOT— LITTLE DID I REALIZE THAT IT WAS RIGHT AROUND THE CORNER FROM THE 3RD NATIONAL BANK—"

CYON, KID, FASTER— I'M IN A HURRY.

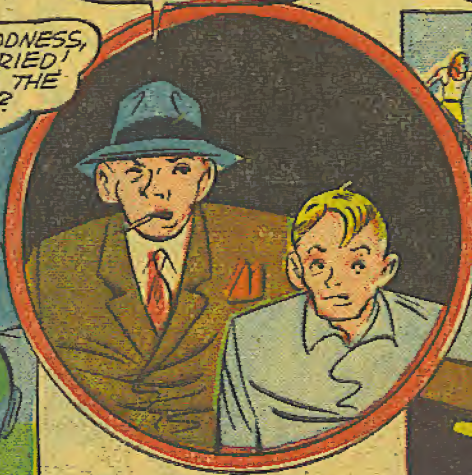
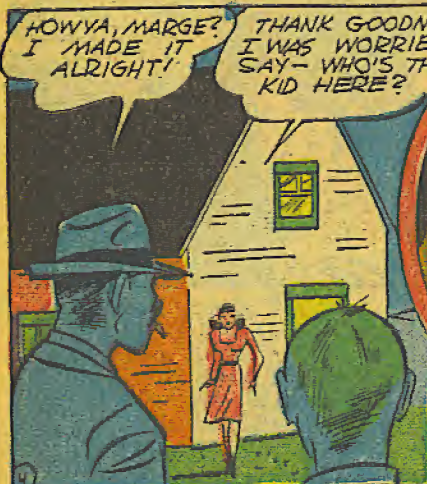
GOSH, I'M DOING SIXTY-FIVE ALREADY!



OUR DESTINATION WAS A LONELY CABIN HIGH IN THE CATSKILLS ABOUT 150 MILES FROM THE CITY. A GIRL GREETED US THERE...

OH HIM? HE'S OUR NEW CHAUFFEUR, MARGE— MORT GOT SICK!

"THAT NIGHT I GOT UP FOR A DRINK OF WATER, AND QUITE BY ACCIDENT, LEARNED SOME SHOCKING NEWS—"



HELP WIN THE WAR, BUY DEFENSE STAMPS NOW!





WHAT'S THE SETUP, BLACKIE, WE HIDE OUT HERE FOR A WEEK OR SO AND THEN HIGHTAIL IT FOR CANADA?

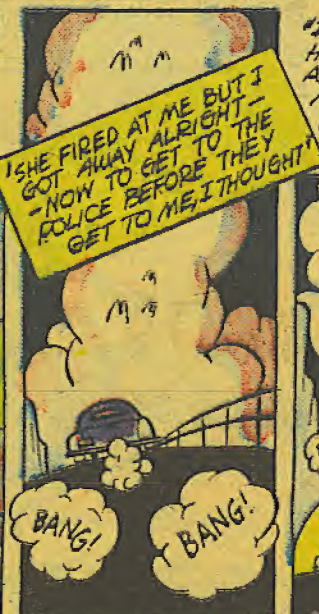
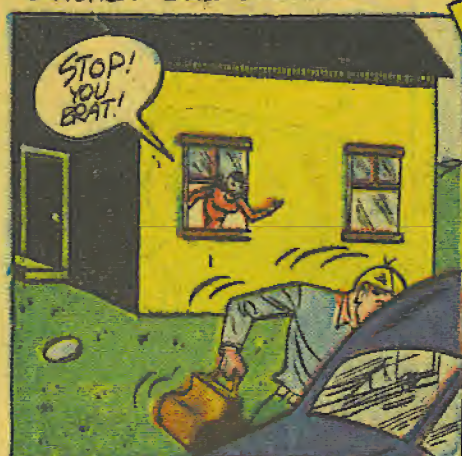
YEAH! I'M HIDING THE DOUGH HERE IN THE SOFA!

GOSH, HERE I AM MIXED UP IN ANOTHER JAM - WHAT'LL I DO - I'VE GOT IT - I'LL WAIT TILL MORNING, AN' THEN -

YOU DIRTY CROOK, I'M NOT GOING BACK TO RE- FORM SCHOOL FOR YOU!

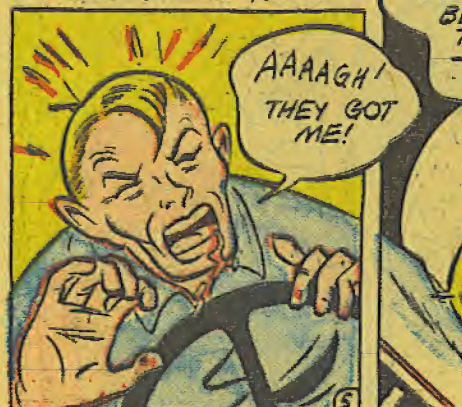
"EVERYTHING TURNED OUT JUST AS I HAD PLANNED, I CAUGHT BLACKIE OFF GUARD - AND THEN RAN FOR THE MONEY."

"I KNEW THAT BY HANDING OVER THE MONEY TO THE POLICE I WOULD CLEAR MYSELF - I SEIZED THE MONEY AND HAD JUST REACHED THE CAR WHEN BLACKIE'S GIRL SAW ME -"



"I HADN'T GONE FAR WHEN I HEARD SIRENS - TWO MOTORCYCLES AND A SQUAD CAR WERE ON MY TAIL - THEY HAD RECOGNIZED THE LICENSE NUMBER ON BLACKIE'S CAR -"

"I LED THEM A MERRY CHASE AND WAS WITHIN HALF A MILE FROM THE POLICE STATION, WHEN -"



"I'M SORRY, MRS. RILEY! - OH, MY BOY, IF ONLY HE HADN'T GOTTEN ON THE WRONG TRACK!"

WE FEEL THE SAME AS YOU, MRS. RILEY, BUT LET'S HOPE THAT YOUR SON HAS NOT DIED IN VAIN - LET'S HOPE THAT HIS SAD EXPERIENCE WILL SERVE TO MAKE OTHERS MORE CAUTIOUS ABOUT MAKING SUCH A MISTAKE --- The Editors ---



# BOMB SHELL

SON of WAR

by  
NIMMY  
MICKER

## SABOTAGE!

OUT OF THE SMOKE-FILLED RUINS OF BATTERED EUROPE EMERGES THE LURKING FIGURE OF SABOTAGE..STRIKING WITH THE DEADLY ACCURACY OF A COBRA, IT LEAVES IN ITS WAKE, A PATH OF UTTER DESOLATION...ON-INTO THIS RAGING INFERNO OF DEATH AND DESTRUCTION RACES BOMBHELL TO BATTLE THE MOST DEADLY SABOTAGE PLAN EVER TO BE STIRRED IN THE BUBBLING KETTLE OF NAZI TERROR---

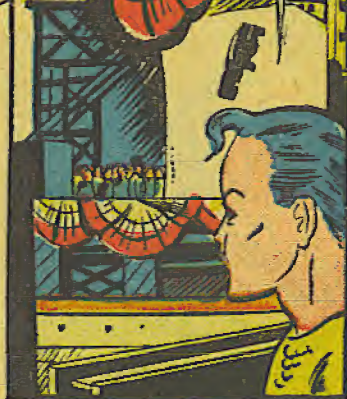
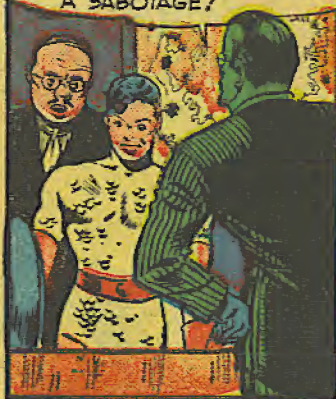
After ESCAPING FROM THE NAZI PRISON BOMBHELL WENT TO ENGLAND WHERE HE BOARDED AN EMPTY TROOP TRANSPORT RETURNING TO AMERICA FOR A NEW LOAD OF DOUGHBOYS--

At F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS...

I'M INFORMING YOU THAT YOUR NEXT ASSIGNMENT IS TO ACCOMPANY A GROUP OF POLICE AND FORM A GUARD AROUND THE NEW CRUISER BEING LAUNCHED TODAY--WE GOT A TIP--MAYBE A SABOTAGE!

Later THAT DAY--

SO FAR EVERYTHING IS IN ORDER!



HELP WIN THE WAR, BUY DEFENSE STAMPS NOW!

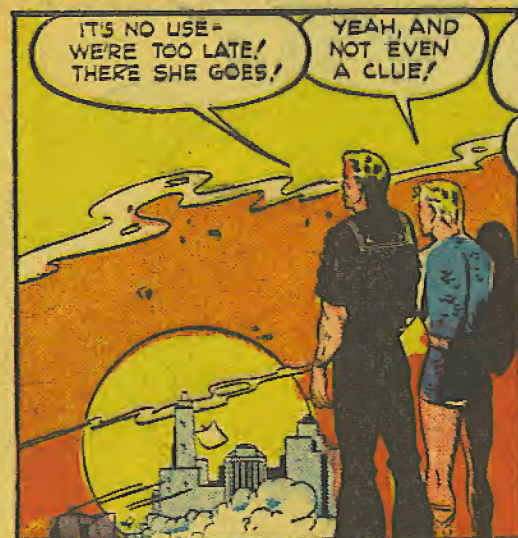




OH MY-THIS IS GETTING TO BE A HABIT--MY SIXTH CRUISER IN TWO YEARS!



HEY!! STOP THAT TRUCK!!



IT'S NO USE--WE'RE TOO LATE! THERE SHE GOES!

YEAH, AND NOT EVEN A CLUE!



I BEG TO DIFFER WITH YOU--I'M CAPTAIN BECKER OF THE F.B.I. AND THERE IS A CLUE--A NEWSPAPER FROM A TOWN CALLED WHITE LAKE BLEW OUT OF THAT TRUCK!



BOMBSHELL, I HAVE FAITH IN YOU--GO TO WHITE LAKE AND FIND OUT ALL YOU CAN! WHEN YOU GET THERE, GET IN TOUCH WITH THE CONSTABLE FOR AID AND KEEP HEADQUARTERS POSTED!

I'LL DO MY BEST!



FOLLOWING HIS ORDERS, BOMBSHELL ARRIVES IN WHITE LAKE.

PHREW! WHAT A BURG--LET'S SEE, NOW--FIRST THE EDITOR OF THE LOCAL NEWSPAPER, THEN, I'LL GET IN TOUCH WITH MR. GORDON, THE CONSTABLE!



AT THE OFFICE OF THE WHITE LAKE NEWSPAPER...

...AND IF YOU'LL PRINT THAT HEADLINE, MR. GORDON, AND I WILL DO THE REST!

O.K. SURE THING!



THE NEXT DAY...

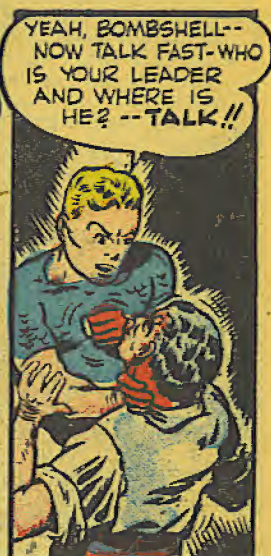
HEY, BOSS LOOK AT DIS HERE HEADLINE--MAJOR MARTINOTT TO PASS THRU WHITE LAKE WITH PLANS OF THE NEW NEUBURG AIRPORT!

YEAH, I KNOW AND I'VE BEEN THINKING ABOUT IT, BOYS--THIS IS OUR BIG CHANCE!



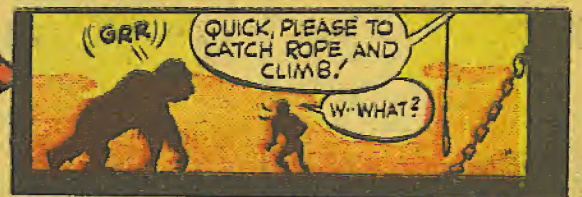
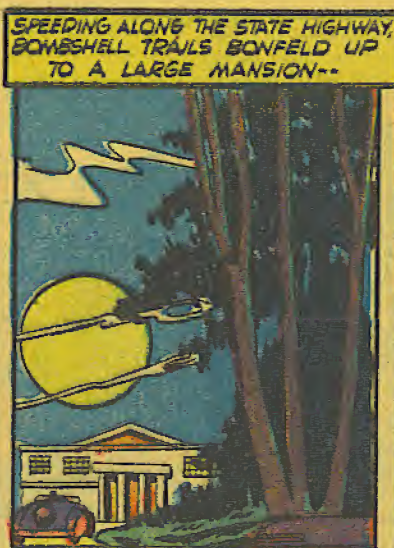




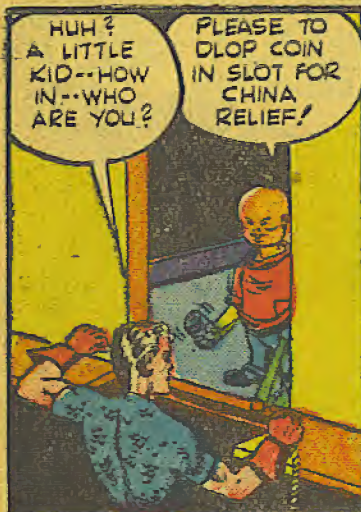


GET 'CRIME DOES NOT PAY'. SHOW IT TO DAD, HE'LL LOVE IT!









HUH?  
A LITTLE  
KID--HOW  
IN--WHO  
ARE YOU?

PLEASE TO  
DLOP COIN  
IN SLOT FOR  
CHINA  
RELIEF!



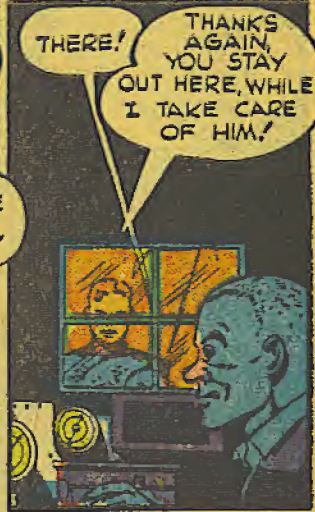
ME COOKS, LITTLE  
BOY, I SEE YOU  
IN PIT WITH MONKEY  
-TLY TO HELP!

THANKS!



SAY, DO YOU  
KNOW WHERE  
I CAN FIND  
THE MASTER  
OF THIS  
HOUSE?

COME  
THIS  
WAY!



THERE!  
THANKS  
AGAIN,  
YOU STAY  
OUT HERE, WHILE  
I TAKE CARE  
OF HIM!



WAIT !

HUH?

PLEASE TO  
CALL  
OUT!

HEADS!



AH  
TAILS  
!!



GO!



A FEW SECONDS  
LATER--

HOLY CATS!!  
WHAT'S GOIN'  
ON HERE?



GOSH I MUST BE  
SLIPPING TO LET A  
LITTLE HALF PINT TALK  
ME OUT OF A GOOD  
FIGHT--THAT KID MAY  
BE IN TROUBLE IN  
THERE--I'D BETTER--



SUDDENLY--

YEEOWW  
HELP!! HELP!!  
SAVE ME!!

發聲



PLEASE SAVE  
ME--I'LL DO ANY-  
THING! I..I'LL GO  
TO JAIL...I'LL GIVE  
YOU THE NAMES  
OF ALL MY MEN...  
ANYTHING, ONLY  
KEEP THAT KID  
AWAY FROM ME!

IT'S A  
DEAL!

READ NEXT MONTH'S **BOY**  
COMICS AND SEE HOW A  
GREAT UNDERGROUND MOVE-  
MENT IS ORGANIZED WHEN  
"BOMBHELL GOES TO MANILA..."



KEEP OFF  
THE GRASS!  
POLICE ORDERS

# LITTLE DYNAMITE

SOCK 'IM,  
DYNAMITE!

CAN'T YOU  
SEE THAT SIG-  
OW-W-W!

KEEP OFF  
THE GRASS  
POLICE

by BART  
TUMEX

SMACK!

OW!!

LIFE IN  
NEW YORK'S  
SLUMS IS  
NEVER  
EASY... BUT  
**LITTLE  
DYNAMITE**  
LOVES IT AND  
TAKES IT IN  
HIS STRIDE...  
OR DID UNTIL  
SNAZZY HARRIS  
AND TOMBOY  
BERTHA BEGAN  
TO TAKE AN  
INTEREST IN  
HIS CLUB...

HELP WIN THE WAR, BUY DEFENSE STAMPS NOW!

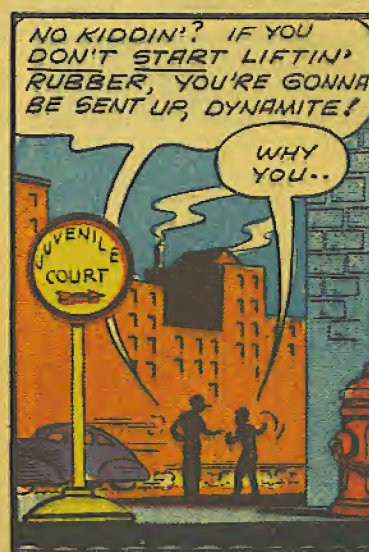
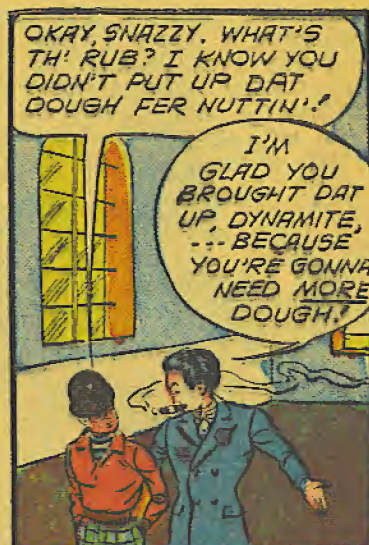




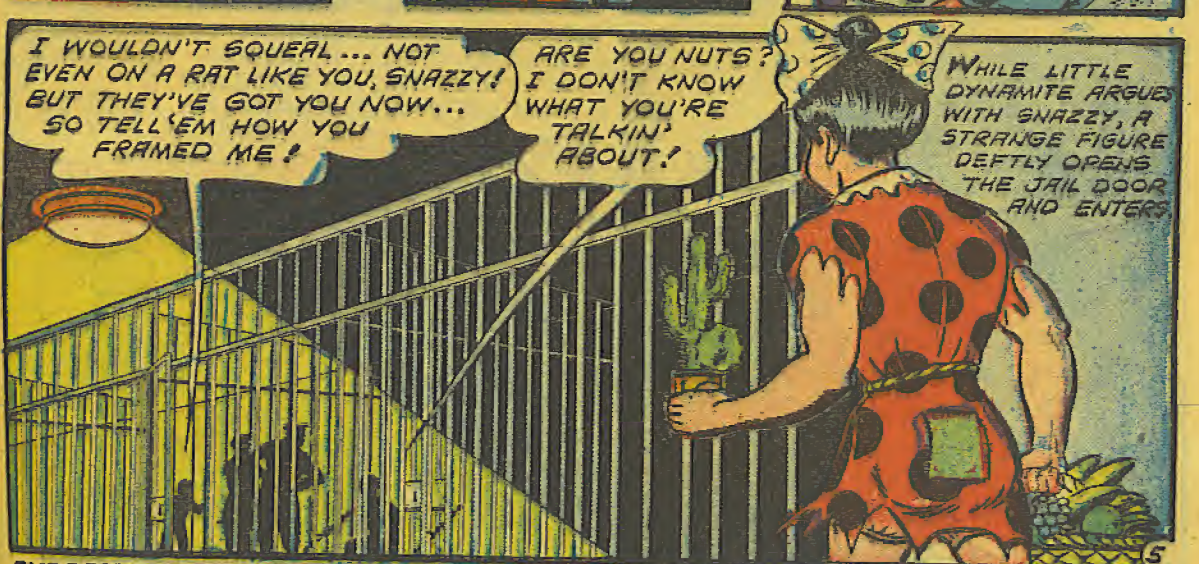
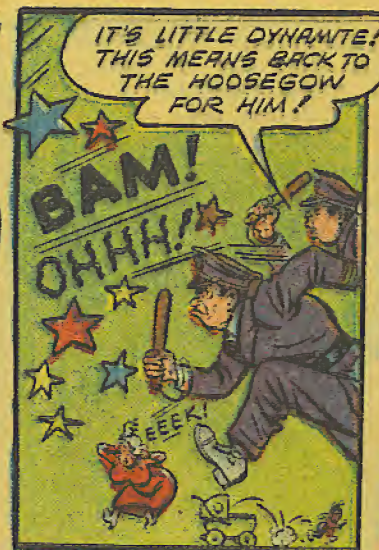




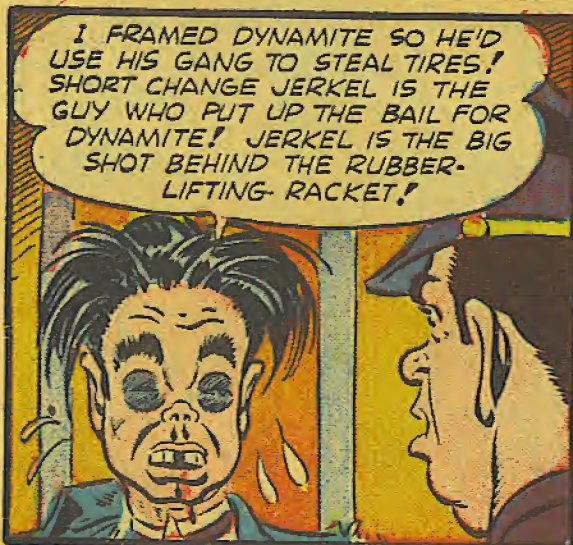
















YOU SAY  
JERKEL IS  
COMING  
HERE?

LOOK!



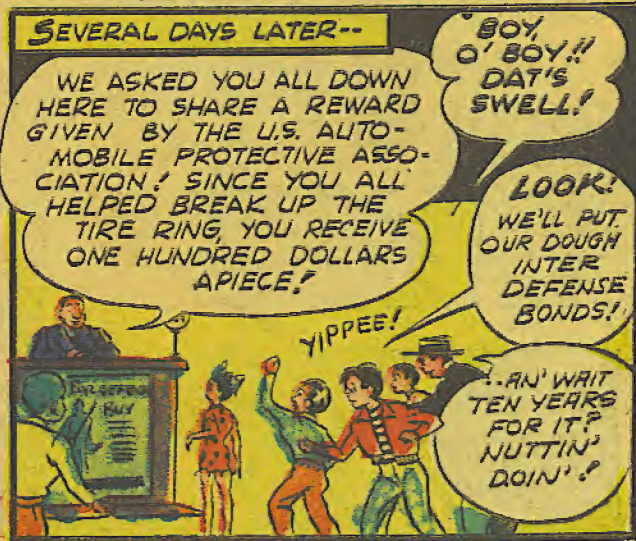
AT THE "FRONT" OFFICE...



OFFICER! ARREST THESE  
YOUNG HOODLUMS FOR  
ASSAULT, BATTERY AND  
KIDNAPPING!



WHEN YOU SAID YOU DIDN'T LIKE  
SNAZZY I FOLLOWED HIM TO FIND  
OUT WHY!! BECAUSE I CAN UNLOCK  
ANY DOOR, I FOUND OUT WHO  
HIS BOSS IS AND HOW THEY  
FRAMED YOU!



SEVERAL DAYS LATER--

WE ASKED YOU ALL DOWN  
HERE TO SHARE A REWARD  
GIVEN BY THE U.S. AUTO-  
MOBILE PROTECTIVE ASSO-  
CIATION, SINCE YOU ALL  
HELPED BREAK UP THE  
TIRE RING, YOU RECEIVE  
ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS  
APIECE!

BOY,  
O' BOY!!  
DAT'S  
SWELL!

LOOK!  
WE'LL PUT  
OUR DOUGH  
INTER  
DEFENSE  
BONDS!

YIPPEE!

..AN' WIT  
TEN YEARS  
FOR IT?  
NUTTIN'  
DOIN'!



GOLLY, NOW  
I CAN GET  
DAT DE LUXE  
BIKE I WAS  
LOOKING AT!

AT LAST I  
CAN GET DAT  
TAILORED  
SUIT I  
WANTED!

ME  
FOR A  
FLOCK OF  
SODAS!



BANG  
BIFF!  
POW!  
BAM!  
WHAM  
SMACK



MY, OH MY! THIS IS  
REALLY A SAD DAY FOR  
HITLER AND HIS STOOGES!  
BUT WHERE DID YOU  
BOYS GET ALL THIS  
MONEY?

THE BOYS  
STAYED UP AN'  
PRAYED ALL NIGHT  
FOR IT.. JUST SO'S  
THEY COULD BUY  
BONDS! AIN'T  
THAT SO,  
FELLERS?

DEFENSE  
BONDS

BUY  
BONDS  
AND  
STAMPS

THE END

GET "CRIME DOES NOT PAY". SHOW IT TO DAD, HE'LL LOVE IT!



**UGLY  
BLACKHEADS  
OUT**  
*in SECONDS  
with*

**EVEN  
THESE  
..EASILY**

**VACUTEX** \$1  
**BLACKHEAD  
EXTRACTOR**

**SAFE • SURE  
SANITARY  
DAINTY  
FAST  
PLEASANT**

**SEND NO MONEY**

Send only your name and address. Pay postman only \$1.00 plus 20c postage and handling, or enclose \$1.00 now with order and we pay postage. Your blackheads out or your money refunded at once. Order now.



Blackheads are ugly, offensive, embarrassing. They clog pores, mar your appearance, invite criticism. Now your blackheads can be removed in seconds, scientifically, painlessly, without injuring or squeezing the skin. VACUTEX creates a gentle vacuum around the blackhead, cleans out hard-to-reach places in a jiffy. Germ laden hands never touch the skin. Simply place the direction finder over blackhead, draw back extractor . . . and it's out. Release extractor and blackhead is ejected. VACUTEX does it all! Don't risk infection with old-fashioned methods. Get VACUTEX TODAY!

**BALCO PRODUCTS CO.**

Dept. 1112, 516 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Send me one of your VACUTEX blackhead extractors by return mail.

- ☐ Enclosed find \$1.00 in full payment  
☐ Ship C.O.D. I will pay postman \$1.20

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

NOTE: If you do not care to tear out coupon, send order in envelope.







